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THE FORTNIGHTLY

was founded as an independent review in 1865 by the novelist, Anthony Trollope. Under its great editor, the historian and political philosopher John Morley, it maintained its traditional independence, offering an arena for the discussion of burning questions—political, social, religious and literary. That independence is maintained to-day. The Fortnightly is connected with no other group or publication. It owes allegiance to no single party or political interest. It is edited for those who need to be well informed.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER 1954

STONE WALLS

SINCE the end of the 1939-1945 war the spotlight of the daily newspapers has played unremittingly on crime. Partly this has reflected the unhealthy appetite of the public for the sensational and the sordid; partly it has illuminated the violent aftermath of a violent upheaval. Forgetful of their wartime prediction that it would take at least a decade to recover from the convulsion the social scientists, amateur and professional, have freely moralized. The facts have supported them. Each year, it seemed, the daily average population of our prisons and Borstal institutions increased; each year attention was drawn to the seemingly insoluble problem of juvenile delinquency.

These must have been years of chagrin for the police, the commissioners of prisons and all others concerned. Now, at least, the dark cloud has an edge of light to it and the report of the Commissioners for 1953* reveals, statistically, a slightly better situation and, for those who care to read to the end of their 194 page document, many hopeful signs. For the truth is that through these inauspicious years enlightened experiments have been going on in spite of inadequate staffs, unsatisfactory buildings and overcrowding which has meant for many male prisoners sleeping three in a cell.

Undoubtedly the most comforting development is the successful use made of open prisons, three more of which were opened in 1953. Incidents, taken from the reports of governors, show how well the carefully chosen prisoner can react to greater freedom and trust. There is a gallant story of sustained labour during the great flood; an account of the enthusiasm of a pioneer party sent to make ready a new open prison; reference to outside work, with farmers, in a glue and chemical works, with an electricity board, all carried on for weeks on end to the satisfaction of the employers. The Commissioners also report the continued success of home leave on parole, a privilege now extended to all Star prisoners in both central and regional training prisons and to some others. Laconically the Commissioners state: " By going home a prisoner is enabled to adjust himself to the family relationships from which he has for so long been cut off, and he has the chance to make preparations for taking up employment on discharge. There has not been a single case of a prisoner failing to return."

Most people, unacquainted normally with prisoners of any kind, retain a broad-arrow conception of them which is fostered by what they read and by the occasional, desperate break from gaol which finds an immediate emotional response. It is a different picture that the governors paint. " Joining the Education Scheme is voluntary, but having joined,

* *Report of the Commissioners of Prisons for the Year 1953.* H.M.S.O. 6s.

attendance is obligatory. An incentive scheme in the shape of a weekly students' concert has proved very successful. Attendances have risen almost every week, until, at the end of the year, 1780 student-hours per week were being registered. This meant that over two-thirds of the prison population were attending activities voluntarily for at least eight hours a week." "Recently the staff of a local private school presented a medieval nativity play, *The Three Kings*. This was an experiment which proved surprisingly successful. Its colour, no less than the dignity and reverence of the production caught the imagination of a very responsive audience of 190 men." "Although it would be assumed that it is the freedom of an open prison which makes an immediate appeal, that has not proved to be the case and the first and lasting reaction is to the beauty of the place, both inside and out." "One prisoner who had never attempted anything of the kind before, and who has 16 previous convictions . . . succeeded in making an excellent cane shopping basket. There was obvious concentration and speed about the project. The reason was that he wished to give it to his mother who was visiting on her 82nd birthday and did so." And so on.

Obviously it would be easy for the sentimentalist to make a too sanguine interpretation of these reports. Governors, much to their credit for it demonstrates how many of them and their staffs are the right men in the right places, not unnaturally record their more encouraging experiences. No doubt they have discouraging ones and surely not the least perplexing problem is how to train the amenable and even likable prisoners to stand on their own feet. It is pleasant that a prisoner with 16 previous convictions can produce the concentration and good intention to make an excellent shopping basket for his old mother but how much better if he could have been prevented from conviction for the 17th time. He and thousands of others, probably more intelligent, prisoners respond to good leadership and firm and fair discipline ("Well you know where you are in these places, I'm not worried") just as they respond outside prison to the many temptations which beset the weak.

The really encouraging burden of the Commissioners' Report is how imaginatively this problem of rehabilitation is being tackled. We have moved a long way from simple incarceration and ostracism with our open prisons, outside work, home leave and after care and soon, let it be hoped, there will be no 'behind bars' except for those who defy training. One of the difficulties is, it can be assumed, selection and the lack of sufficient variety in our types of prison. Even in the approved schools, which on the whole have excellent records, the range of intellect is often far too wide and the obstacles preventing the swift removal of a noisome influence too many. Still there is not unlimited resources to be spent on the criminal, economic though a reduction in their number would be, and all things considered progress has been remarkably sure and straight.

THE CANON COLLINS CONTROVERSY

II—The South African Church

By C. W. M. Gell

NOTHING during his visit to South Africa has caused Canon Collins seriously to modify his views on the failure of the Anglican Church here to practise what it preaches. Its attitude to colour is theoretically admirable. It has been repeatedly and lucidly set forth by various bishops of the Church of the Province of South Africa. Canon Collins would, I think, allow that Anglican ecclesiastics have given an important verbal lead against social and economic injustice perpetrated on grounds of race. But he certainly maintains what he said in September 1953, that the Church has failed *practically*.

It has failed primarily because, despite a few conspicuous and honourable exceptions, it does not in its worship and pastoral work testify to the unity of all Christians in Christ which it professes. Few Anglican Churches provide even separate services for the different race groups; fewer still regularly conduct inter-racial worship. In this respect, both the Roman Catholics, who generally have mixed services, and the Dutch Reformed Churches, which believe that God ordained separate and unequal races "in order to demonstrate His sole supreme Supremacy and glorify His Own Divinity" and which therefore strictly observe racial segregation in Church (as in other) matters,* more consistently practise their proclaimed ethics than the Anglicans. Individual Anglican lay voices have been raised arguing that unity in Christ is a spiritual and not a secular conception, which carries no practical implications for this world. But the voice of the Anglican Church, speaking through its leaders, quite explicitly rejects this heresy and repudiates personal *apartheid* in creed and deed. Yet the stark and irrefutable fact of its open practice in most Anglican churches constitutes an offence to the Christian conscience on which Canon Collins insists. For he sees that, unless the Church gives a practical lead by putting its own house in order, Anglicans will feel no urgent duty to combat racialism in temporal affairs; nor will Africans respect a Church which, as one African Anglican priest told Collins, "is riddled with the colour bar." The colour bar is not merely a legal deprivation of civil rights and opportunities, it is an a-spiritual attitude and a mental disease which infects most Anglican

* Even here, the voice of another Christian conscience is being heard as a few prominent ministers, like Professor B. B. Keet of Stellenbosch and Dr. Ben Marais of Pretoria, question whether *apartheid* in Church or State has scriptural sanction. Concluding that White prejudices are ineradicable, they therefore favour "total *apartheid*" or partition of the Union into separate Black and White states. But they are not as yet very specific about how this is to be done or where the boundaries should be drawn.

laymen with " a boss-minded outlook." African Christians, even priests, do not fail to perceive their inferior status as human beings in the one place where such differentiation might be thought as inadmissible as it is inexcusable.

It is no answer to this charge to point to the admitted complexity of our situation and " the security of Canon Collins in his cathedral six thousand miles away." It may be a little easier to be outspoken in London. But even that is not without its penalties; and Canon Collins' chances of preferment to the high offices his talents would otherwise command have been prejudiced by his persistent attacks on racialism in the churches and policies of territories under British control. Nor will it do to lay the whole blame, as one *Church Times*' leader did, on the white South African laity. Undoubtedly it is principally to blame.* But there are Anglican clergy who have betrayed their principles on racial issues, and many more who, forgetful that they serve Him who was sent to bring not peace but a sword, too easily let sleeping dogs lie or acquiesce in putting off till tomorrow the challenge of to-day. Some of our leading clergy and missionary spokesmen, when overseas, regularly minimize the extent of this clerical and lay failure to live out our Christian precepts, thus performing a grave disservice to a Church whose conscience is all too easily lulled by stories of the undoubted difficulties it is facing. Further, the episcopacy itself has failed on practical issues. I do not here only refer to a perhaps inevitable difference between Canon Collins who stressed the primacy of the individual Christian conscience and its right ultimately to defy un-Christian legislation, and the bishops who emphasize the complementary Christian duty to apply their principles in the South African context and to obey the law of the State as far as conscience will permit. I refer to a practical failure of leadership which is best illustrated by the example of my own parish.

Several years ago our European congregation was grievously divided over the rector's insistence on retaining one inter-racial communion each month at which a Coloured and an Indian Anglican worshipped with such Europeans as cared to attend. A new rector from England, prizing unity above other virtues, soon yielded to the numerically larger faction, himself sponsored the church resolution cancelling the inter-racial service and forbidding the use of the " European " church building even for separate services for non-Europeans. The Indian shortly left the district. The Coloured woman, after months of distress, found a new spiritual home with another communion which, at least in this town, does not

* The attitude of the poor benighted soul in Durban who sent me the following anonymous letter is far from untypical: " If ever that humbug Collins tries to set foot in S. Africa again, all right-minded people should stone him. Let him keep his kaffir ideas till he gets back to England where they are not particular. We *White* people will never associate with kaffirs and cross-breeds, cousins of monkeys. Filthy, stinking, thieving, there is not one good word for them. Plural wives or women, they breed like cockroaches and expect the White man to feed their brats."

practise discrimination.* The family which had long employed her have not set foot in the church since, though they have continued their very generous financial assistance. Now, seven years after these events, another new rector has received a request that African servants employed in the European residential area be allowed to use the church building once a month for a separate early communion service—there being no bus to the location three miles distant (where the Africans have their own church) till after midday on Sundays. On the matter being put with an urgent recommendation by the rector that it be granted, the church council narrowly adhered to its earlier decision and rejected the request.

Now the failure of the episcopacy—a corporate failure, for it is no personal reflection on our recently elected bishop—is that no-one here on either side in the controversy knows which view the bishop will actively support on his return from an overseas tour. The previous bishop supported the first rector in retaining the joint service. It is not generally known whether he knew of the subsequent church council decision under the second rector, though it is hard to believe he did not. But no protest from him reached the laity who were primarily responsible for it. And we have, therefore, been left for several months with a refusal which the third rector is reluctant to convey to the Africans because it frankly conflicts with the policy and principles of the Church, but on which no-one can be sure what the new bishop will say or do. There is a latent difference of opinion throughout the Anglican communion between the Catholic view of the Church and its discipline—what in England would be known as the High Church or Anglo-Catholic standpoint, which predominates among the ministry of the Church of the Province of South Africa—and the more latitudinarian Protestant conception. But it is clearly intolerable that there should be any doubt on such a vital point of practice as to which course the bishop of a diocese will actively favour, even if there is room for difference of opinion about the actions he should take as a result of his decision. It is precisely here, when it comes to interpreting in practical decisions their admirable theoretical attitude, that the episcopacy of the South African Church have failed to match the challenge of the present situation.

No-one will wish to minimize their difficulties. In the first place, there are practical considerations of finance. A parish seriously divided, as ours will be if the Christian decision is made, loses the ability to support itself. The diocese, already on a financial shoe-string, cannot afford more deficit parishes. The retention of parish unity, which some of the faint-hearted urge as their primary consideration, cannot as such be a Christian concern, especially if, as at present, that unity is based on

* What is said in this article about the Anglican Church is more or less applicable to most of the Protestant communions in South Africa. The Methodist Church in my own town is going through a somewhat similar crisis to our own and is, at present, giving very similar answers.

the denial of a fundamental principle of our faith. But if the result of disunity must be the closing of some churches through lack of funds, a choice has to be made between a smaller Church more truly witnessing to its declared beliefs or a larger aggregate of churches, some of whom will for the present continue on what we Anglicans must define as a false basis. Beside this issue, the various other arguments used are of secondary importance—" bugs in the pews " has not been unheard in Britain and, strangely, has never here been held to disqualify African cleaners and sweepers from tending " European " churches; contamination (V.D., T.B., etc.) from the chalice is met by the Africans' offer to bring their own and by the Roman Catholics' mixed masses; the latter also disposes of the Anglican claim to be the spearhead of a more liberal interpretation of the Christian ethic among a predominantly Calvinist and racially aberrant White community; and the various other expedient political or social grounds on which procrastination is urged are no better and no worse—though perhaps more confused by a conventional racial ethic that has almost been permitted to usurp the authority of Christian morality—than the arguments advanced by Christians throughout the ages for evading the practical consequences of their faith.

Two other practical matters may help to illustrate the predicament of the Church in South Africa to-day. Late last year a conference of the White leaders of all the Protestant Churches in South Africa was held in Pretoria. It revealed a wide measure of theoretical agreement among communions other than the Calvinist about the impossibility of reconciling racialism and Christianity, and a numerically small but qualitatively important volume of criticism within the Dutch Reformed Churches against their traditional racial attitude. As a result of that conference, it was decided to convene a conference of White and non-White Protestant Church leaders later this year to study " the application of Christian principles in a multi-racial society." It is, however, well known that some of the D.R.C. leaders are less than enthusiastic about this proposal. And it, therefore, came as no great surprise when the Moderator of the largest Dutch Reformed Church, the Rev. C. B. Brink, denounced Canon Collins' " deplorable and extremely ill-advised statements " for endangering the proposed conference. " If a responsible spiritual leader of one of the largest Churches taking part feels himself called upon to load the scales on one side so heavily in advance, it becomes a serious question whether the co-operation of the Christian Churches (in holding the conference) is still possible." The Afrikaans press, long irked by the Anglican Church's proclaimed opposition to *apartheid* policies, hastened to challenge it either to repudiate Canon Collins or openly declare its adherence to his views. " If the Anglican Church agrees with Canon Collins about abolishing all colour bars, including the one on mixed marriages, there is no point in further discussions. If not, where is the Anglican Church

going?" To this, the Archbishop of Cape Town responded by stating the plain truth that the Canon's visit was a purely personal one, in no way sponsored by the Church, and that his views were equally personal. "The representatives of the Anglican Church would go to the conference, if and when it takes place, completely unpledged either to agreement or disagreement with his opinions." The official magazine of the D.R.C. allowed that "this slightly cleared the air and permitted arrangements for the conference to go on", though it still hoped for the Anglican Church's open disavowal of the Canon.

So far so good; it is certainly desirable that the conference be held. But there is an underlying conflict of opinion which cannot profitably be concealed. The majority viewpoint of the D.R.C. favours racial discrimination and a greater or less degree of political and territorial *apartheid*. The majority of the other Protestant Churches—as well as the Roman Catholics—oppose both these policies in theory in favour of the unity of all Christians in Christ, here and hereafter. Since these attitudes are fundamentally incompatible and doctrinally irreconcilable, it is hardly honest, having recognized the two divergent lines of approach, to pretend that "it is our Christian duty realistically to try to bend the lines towards each other so that, even though they may perhaps not meet, they may at least run parallel." The Methodist minister, who said this, quoted John Wesley to his Calvinist colleagues: "If thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand." But the one heart is not as the other, though their deeds are not so dissimilar. And the hope of these inter-denominational conferences must be either to convert the other Protestant communions to the belief that what they practise is truer than what they preach; or, on the other hand, to enlarge the minority of Calvinists who, acknowledging the immorality of discrimination, stand to-day for total *apartheid* or partition but who have confessed that, if that is proved impracticable, they will opt for the more liberal Christian ethic as the then only morally defensible solution. In this discussion I have not mentioned the views of the great majority of those concerned—the Africans—because their position is quite simple: they reject the practice of the other Protestant communions as emphatically as they renounce the theory of the D.R.C.

One last practical example of our dilemma. A European congregation in a large city has long been without a site to build its church. The Nationalist-controlled Provincial Administration has now offered to make one available, provided the deed of sale or lease includes a clause confining the use of the building for the worship of Europeans only. Although in practice this will probably be the case, the bishop cannot conscientiously sign such a deed. If he does not, the European parishioners remain without their church—but, not quite, for there is a church in the parish already, in the adjacent African location, though no European uses it. On the other hand, the bishop cannot altogether discharge

his conscience by telling the Europeans that they *ought* to go to that church, rather than accept the Provincial Council's condition. For there is now provision in the law for the Minister of Native Affairs to revoke the lease of any church or other building in locations which is used contrary to the best interests of all concerned, as he sees them. And no-one doubts that the regular use of a location church for inter-racial worship would provoke Dr. Verwoerd into invoking that provision.*

It is all these complications—as well as the basic failure of the Anglican church to undertake enough of the practical spade-work on a sufficiently wide front—that led its monthly *Church News* to comment: "Responsible Christian leaders, both here and in England, have expressed their disapproval (of uninformed and dogmatic criticism from overseas directed at the Government and the Church in South Africa) and their regret that these attacks only make the work of reform more difficult." But is this true? We do not have unlimited time to rectify a situation of the most explosive, not to say un-Christian, possibilities. As Mr. Victor Gollancz wrote in *The Times*: "There are certain spiritual attitudes in racial matters which, the instant they are perceived, give offence to the Christian conscience; Canon Collins perceived them and duly protested." An Anglican priest working in Johannesburg has put it to me that the Church in South Africa is faced in two respects with the dilemma that confronted the early Christian Church. It has, first, a similar problem to that facing the Church in the first century when considering on what terms Gentiles should be admitted—the question of whether there should be first-and second-class Christians or whether the Church should be built on the great injunction of Galatians III, 28 and I Corinthians XII, 13. Secondly, the Church again needs martyrs—martyrs no less because their fate is likely to be tedious and squalid rather than painful and dramatic. This need was brought out recently by the decision to close the irreplaceable African high school in Johannesburg, St. Peter's, rather than submit to its prostitution as an instrument of debased "Bantu education". The closure is being precipitated by a threat to reduce Government subsidies to all schools that do not comply with the provisions of the Bantu Education Act. But Father Trevor Huddleston has had to explain to the many who belatedly offered

* A circular, dated September 3 but only published on October 3, to all urban local authorities shows that the widest use of this provision is intended. The circular emphasizes that the acquisition of "church and similar sites in urban locations" must be approved by the Minister of Native Affairs and shall in no case be for longer than one year at a time. "Owing to the intervention by representatives of certain church and other bodies in matters outside the scope of the work they should undertake among Natives, it has been decided that provision should be made for the cancellation of leases if the activities of any such representative, outside the normal scope of his work, is of a subversive nature, or might tend to lead to or encourage deterioration in the relationships between the Natives and Governmental persons or bodies, if not to out-and-out defiance or breaches of the law. When, *in the opinion of the Minister of Native Affairs,* the occupier uses the site for purposes other than those for which it was granted, or the activities of the occupier, *or any of his representatives whether on the site or elsewhere,* are such as to encourage or tend to encourage deterioration in the relationships between Natives and Governmental persons or bodies" the lease may be terminated on three months' notice.

monetary assistance that the problem is only incidentally financial. The main issue is the refusal of the Community of the Resurrection, which runs St. Peter's, to co-operate with the Government in imposing a pattern of inferior education on Africans. Here, as on some other issues, we are getting dangerously close to the stage when individual Christian consciences will have to withhold their assent from laws already passed or promised.

Official South African sources often tell the world that South Africa has a free press. In the sense that there is, as yet, no official censorship, the statement is true, although two allegedly Communist-run newspapers have been suppressed. But there are a number of laws—notably the Native Administration Act, Riotous Assemblies Act and Suppression of Communism Act—which impose heavy penalties on any publication deemed to " incite feelings of hostility between Europeans and non-Europeans." In considering prosecutions under these laws, they are interpreted almost wholly from one side. It is, for instance, quite permissible (and a frequent occurrence) for Nationalist Ministers to exhort the two white races to " unite against the common enemy " or for white politicians to reject some policy as unacceptable " because we Europeans would fight to the death to prevent it." But if the same sentiments are expressed by or on behalf of non-Europeans, the risk of prosecution is serious. As an example, a South African editor, whose open-mindedness is beyond question, would only accept these two articles for reprinting, subject to considerable expurgations. He did not query the facts or the opinions expressed. But he was not able to accept the risk of his magazine being prosecuted.

Being myself prevented by unavoidable physical circumstances from playing any active part in these affairs, I do not find it easy to write about them or to counsel friends who are contemplating courses in which I cannot join them. But I am certain that, whether or not we agree in detail about the issues they may choose to challenge, all we Christians, who do not subscribe to an ethic of racialism, owe these men and women our unstinted approval for listening in the last resort to their Christian conscience, as best they understand it. In the ultimate categories the urgent Christian duty to obey the laws of the State is not absolute. The City of God stands finally before the City of Man or the City of Matter. This is something which the English-speaking community in South Africa has nearly forgotten. It has long been too concerned with its spacious and gracious living and the accumulation of wealth. It has not contributed enough people to the ministry of its Churches, the education of its children or the political life of its society. Now it is called upon to pay the price of that neglect, first, in the membership and worship of its Churches and, secondly, personally on the wider social issues facing South Africa to-day. If it will rouse itself to these two courses, it may—as Canon Collins urged—ask from the Christian Churches out-

side South Africa the assistance of their prayers, help in making good revenue which will be lost when parishes split on the rock of racialism and the irreconcilable secede, public sympathy and support given not only in approval of what Churches and individuals may feel they must do but also in outspoken condemnation of laws and policies which drive them to make this choice. The people who may do these things will belong to all race groups. Some will not be Christians. But if they speak and act in the spirit of Christ, with patience, charity to all men and steadfast refusal to bow down in the house of Rimmon, give them your prayers and whatever else you can. Only perhaps, when South Africa's ruling White minority feels itself spiritually and morally isolated may it begin to question the warped values which have for generations been its guide.

Whether or not European Christians in South Africa will steel themselves in time for the task ahead, one thing should be made quite clear now. Canon Collins has done both the Church and the European a great service; he has convinced Africans that there are at least some people overseas who care, and care deeply, about racial issues and their spiritual consequences. Against all the frenzy of White South African hostility and the uncomfortable equivocations of leading politicians and prelates, let there be weighed in the balance the gain in non-European goodwill, both in South Africa and in many other lands. Non-Whites everywhere will hope that Canon Collins does not speak alone and that eventually world opinion will contribute to their struggle something more substantial than " the crumb of comfort " which he has tried to offer now.

Of all the great spiritual traditions Christianity must face the uncomfortable truth that it has, perhaps, sinned most in regard to racial arrogance. Canon Collins' opinions have certainly " dismayed " White South Africans, but not those who " are doing the real spade-work " (as one Archdeacon alleged), either in Church or State. He has dismayed principally those who, though knowing that duty lay in another direction, have sought refuge in political expediency, social conformity or financial advantage. Such compromises with conscience are not peculiar to South Africa; but we happen to bear the burden of the racial question which now torments the thoughtful everywhere. It must, therefore, be a gain for humanity as a whole if some South Africans have been made to face the fact that many of the arguments by which they justify their attitudes are more hypocritical than real. Much of the uproar after Canon Collins left us has been due to this essentially healthy, if painful, process.

(*The author, a Foundation Scholar in history of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and invalided from the Indian Civil Service in* 1947, *is a South African by adoption. The first part of his article " The South African State " was published in the November number of* THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

THE PUBLIC PULSE OF AMERICA

By Kenneth Lindsay

I HAVE lived in the United States not only during the McCarthy *versus* the Army televised investigation, but also during the General MacArthur investigations and during much of the 1948 and 1952 Presidential elections. I have rarely been during any of these periods in Washington itself, but out among the people in New York State, in Illinois, Kansas and Indiana, in California or the deep South. Admittedly my base has usually been a university, but I have had plenty of opportunities to sound public opinion in a score of non-university environments. In 1948 I saw two weary candidates half-way through their long campaign in the so-called isolationist, *Chicago Tribune* territory and attended a meeting in a small town to hear them speak. When I read on the tape in the House of Commons three months later that Adlai Stevenson had been elected as Governor of Illinois and that Paul Douglas, ex-professor of economics, had been elected Senator from the same state my mind went back in astonishment to the small Baptist Church in Urbana, Illinois, where the meeting had been held. That campaign must have lasted at least four months. Earlier that summer in Nashville, Tennessee, I had seen Estes Kefauver and his Scottish wife defeat a formidable machine in his own party. Last month he again secured the nomination, in spite of opposition financed from the very interests he exposed in his sensational crime investigation three years ago. Last month also Paul Douglas was re-elected as Senator.

In spite of the single-minded public spirit of the late Senator Taft, it was the Liberal Republican wing that put President Eisenhower into the White House. I watched over television the 1952 election and later heard the President outline his broad-minded national programme in his message to Congress.

During these last eight months I have observed from the Pacific Coast in California and more recently in Boston and New Hampshire the public re-action to Senator McCarthy. Slowly but surely the momentum has mounted against this man and his tactics, from the churches and world of education, from a considerable body in his own state of Wisconsin, from businessmen and professional classes, from the press and radio-commentators, from the primary elections of Maine, New Jersey, and indirectly from California and more recently from a signed statement of 30 prominent Americans, until at last the matter rests with his fellow

peers and Senators, to judge whether his practices conform with the traditions of the Senate. Nobody outside Senator McCarthy's admirers and supporters—a number which must be a matter of conjecture—doubts that his tactics have done serious harm both internally and abroad. But I am concerned to explain and defend the peculiar American process of forming its own judgments through the medium of public debate, though I do not want to see America through rose-coloured glasses.

Most Americans are absorbed in earning not only a living, but something more, if possible, like the man who has just spent a morning mowing the lawns and trimming up the garden here in New Hampshire. His father and mother were born in Scotland, his father worked on the Clyde. My friend, and their son, was born in New Hampshire. He drives 60 miles to work each day where he has a good job superintending a hundred girls in a shoe factory. But he also has a daughter and it costs him $700 a year to put her through the State Teachers College, so he works weekends during the summer to make the thing possible. No free scholarships for this young lady. This man is typical of the millions of grass-roots Americans, who gradually form their own judgments on Adlai Stevenson, General MacArthur, President Eisenhower and now Senator McCarthy. Before long he will have to make a much more immediate voting decision in New Hampshire, because there is going to be a bitter fight put up by Democrats against the incumbent Republican Senator.

My friend's name is James Macdonald, and he is the kind of man who makes the democratic decisions in America along with 40 million other James Macdonalds scattered over 3000 miles. He uses radio and television, he belongs to a bowling club and veterans' organization, he attends a church, he has pride in a house which he owns, he drives his own car and is keen on giving his children a college education. Now James is not normally interested in politics as such: he thinks America is giving away a lot of money and he is right—50 billion dollars since the end of the 1939-1945 war; he is a fair and tolerant sort of chap, but he has read and heard that in the U.S.A. persons holding down a dozen high jobs, mostly in Washington, have been discovered as security risks, so he tends to think at first that Senator McCarthy is doing a necessary job. It is only after Ed. Murrow has been accused of Communism, after he has viewed, together with the rest of the family, some of the McCarthy hearings, after one of his mates in a neighbouring factory has been wrongly accused, that be begins to form that judgment, which thousands of professors made a year ago or more.

Meanwhile there is baseball to see, the house to get painted and another young Macdonald coming along. It may well be the case that Jeannie Macdonald, his intelligent wife, has also joined a local club and listened to itinerant lecturers during the winter months, while the children were at school. It is most likely that she has her views on the Korean

war, the cost of living and the local school-board. It is my own experience that most women have developed fairly strong political views. So there is likely to be a family forum as well as a local community discussion club, especially if the older children have had a taste of college life and return home with new-fangled ideas.

Here in New Hampshire and elsewhere in the east and parts of the south life is more settled, but in California where the inward movement is over 1000 persons a day and indeed in other parts of the west and south-west, political ideas are inevitably as unsettled as the population. One further fact must be added which is new to American life. East or west or south the most familiar sight on any train or plane is the man-in-uniform going on leave, moving to a new assignment or returning from overseas. These men are voters or potential voters, and though they have no time for Communism, they don't like to see a decorated combat General knocked about by any Senator.

There are two misconceptions common in the eyes of Europeans and especially some British. Mr. Bevan, for example, seems to be living in the days of Jack London's *Iron Heel* and Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* and Andrew Carnegie's fabulous fortune. If he and others would fortify their knowledge by reading the late Frederic Lewis Allen's *The Big Change* they would get some fairer perspective of modern American society. Both the distribution of the national income and the distribution of the population has for many years been horizontal rather than vertical. In the last seven years over nine million people have moved to the suburbs. This means that a suburb population of over 30 million people exists in America. Just as no British political party can win an election without the ex-Liberal, skilled-worker, teacher, civil-servant, dormitory vote, so this middle-of-the road American voter (including many trade unionists) is the arbiter of American politics and opinion far more than the old-fashioned big city machine. The income spread of this vast and influential cross-section may be anything from 3500 dollars to 8000 dollars a year. My friend James Macdonald and his family fit into this category. One district chairman of a Citizens for Eisenhower organization has said: " Our local workers simply refuse to go all-out for a candidate they don't believe in." If they resent an imposed American candidate, they resent still more long-distance advice from Britain and the Continent.

It is my opinion that American youth and American universities are caught in a dilemma over politics. The ablest students and creative minds, as in Britain, appear to be studying science. The biggest opportunities for enterprising young men are still in business, especially in the west. On the other hand there are far more courses in political science and international affairs than in Britain. Indeed many experiments are taking place within universities to bring together politicians, administrators and students at the state level. I have attended such conferences

in Maine and California. There are also inter-fellowships held by young professors of political science at Washington, which enable them to work on the inside of Congress and thus gain valuable first-hand experience. Similarly there is to-day far more careful preparation for careers in the Foreign Service and widespread interest in the content of international studies. But there is still a hiatus between theory and practice, between the admirable studies and books produced, and the facts of political life. This is a puzzle for many Americans as well as for the inquiring visitor. The working out of democratic functions and practices is far more difficult in a widespread Federal Republic with elections every two years than in the closely knit homogeneous communities of Europe. But it is hardly proper for Europe or ourselves to throw the first stone. McCarthyism is a re-action against some tendencies whose origin is European and also against a shallow Liberalism prevalent through the so-called Atlantic community. We all have much to learn because political deadlocks are not confined to any one country.

The second misconception, more noticeable in western Europe and particularly in France but prevalent also in Britain, is the intellectual snobbery directed against America in general. Anyone familiar with university circles, with American literature, let alone the natural and social sciences, must be left gasping at such an attitude. The picture as I have seen it is one of contrasts which defy generalizations. Even during the period when Senator McCarthy seemed to be gaining in influence, there were lively and heated discussions in every home I visited, protest meetings organized by prominent citizens, challenging opposition in press and radio, and a high priority on the best-selling book list for Elmer Davis' *But We Were Born Free*.

Again to quote a more local example. In the Los Angeles area where UNESCO has become a symbol of something which can only be called unpatriotism, there recently appeared an admirable, well-written factual account of UNESCO'S activities in the Los Angeles *Times*. In the field of education generally there is a nation-wide ferment on the broad issue of quality versus quantity and the public system of education has come in for much criticism, especially from certain intellectuals in the academic groves. It is in accordance with the American tradition for the National Education Association (nearest equivalent of our National Union of Teachers) to invite the two chief opponents to address their annual conference; it is also natural or perhaps inevitable that a strong national voluntary association of citizens should defend the public system. But only in the United States would such a body be headed by a Vice-President of the magazine *Life* and be strongly supported by the late President of Harvard; only in the United States would the President of the Chambers of Commerce come out squarely in favour of a higher budget for education.

These few examples, chosen at random, demonstrate the dangers of

generalizations in the field of public opinion. But if one looks more closely within the universities this must be said. In no other country, with the exception of eastern Canada, does such a variety of institutions exist. I could enumerate, according to origin, control, function and scope at least a dozen " species " of institutions of higher learning. In the half-dozen with which I can claim some intimate acquaintance, the quality of teaching and research varies, but the standards compare favourably with anything I know in Britain or Europe; and of course in some subjects Americans lead the way. No nation is more hospitable to ideas from whatever corner of the world they may come. Yet side by side with this statement of fact must be placed the current immigration legislation, which has kept away several famous scholars, because of alleged Communist sympathies. My concluding judgment on this second misconception is as follows.

Americans have now become culture conscious as distinct from isolationist. They admire much in Britain and selectively from a score of other countries. Witness the tours of ballets, orchestras, choirs, entertainers and lecturers from all over the world. But with world power have gone not only American air-bases, but American libraries and the Voice of America. There is admittedly criticism from Senator McCarthy and his friends, but equally though less audible from the intellectuals and for quite opposite reasons. From the mouths and writings of philosophers, theologians and novelists—men like Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, and Faulkner—have come not only self-criticism, but also self-affirmation. The emergent American Way of Life is not to be confused with the necessarily propagandist Voice of America. Its motto might be " Let us as a world power rise to the height of our responsibilities." Its expression can be seen in the theme of Columbia University's centennial celebrations, " Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof." Not only has Columbia invited scholars and statesmen from all over the free world to share its celebrations; it has sent its top scholars, philosophers and scientists all over the United States and now to South America to expand and develop the centennial theme.

It can be seen again in the American attitude of mind and in scores of books and articles on foreign policy. I choose those of George Kennan, once Ambassador to Russia, *Fifty Years of American Foreign Policy;* Chester Bowle's book on India written after some years as Ambassador there; and a modest volume just given me by Charles Burton Marshall, late of the State Department, entitled *The Limits of Foreign Policy.* These three studies and countless others strike a new note. They are all written by men with experience from within administration, they are all self-critical, but they each offer Americans some surer sign-posts for a wiser foreign policy. It is no accident that Mr. Marshall quotes, in a chapter-heading, from Walt Whitman:

Long, too long America,

> Travelling roads all even and peaceful you
> learned from joys and prosperity only.
> But now, ah now, to learn from crises of
> anguish, advancing, grappling with direst
> fate and recoiling not,
> And now to conceive and show to the
> world what your children en-masse
> really are . . .

In a word there are two Americas; the more audible one gives the appearance of being drunk with power, suspicious of all foreigners, dominating and would-be isolationist. The other has learned from " crises of anguish " to hold its head erect, is willing to listen to trusted friends but above all is determined to carve out a positive American foreign policy, to train young men in its career and to match such a policy with an internal, domestic philosophy, way of life (call it what you will). This I have observed from a hundred different points of vantage. Ought not the rest of the world to take some note and cease its nibbling criticism? Are we not all due for an agonizing re-appraisal of our own ways, domestic and foreign?

I have my own difficulties. I never thought it the exclusive right of Britishers to compare everything abroad with the great British norm. Again I am cursed with an insatiable curiosity and an aversion to dogmatic thinking. It has often occurred to me for example that the Republicans won the 1952 election and that President Eisenhower may have his own method of bringing together the various wings of his party. Even more remarkable I have tried to study the American Constitution and see how it separates and then balances powers. I have listened to experts explaining to me the history and procedure of Congressional Committes, an essential check on Executive power. Of course it is all wrong not to have adopted the British Cabinet system and strong party discipline or the French system of parties and committees or the subtle Canadian scheme of combining Federal and Cabinet systems and in addition keeping the Liberals on the winning side all the time. I am well aware that the British and Canadians elected Mr. Stevenson, but the stern fact remains that with all those votes—and it was a record poll—he missed out. Consequently it appears to the outside world that the years 1953-1954 have been a period of black re-action. It never was my opinion that McCarthyism would be an issue at the November elections; nor indeed that foreign policy would loom large. The politicians who wanted to get elected were running off to Washington to get the blessing and if possible a posed photograph with President Eisenhower. The domestic and and financial programme of the President, as outlined in his speeches eight months ago, is what matters most. Of course he has not had his own way every time, of course it is a middle-of-the-road policy; that happens to be what most Americans want after 20 years of Democratic rule. The election results have confirmed that candidates blessed by the President,

for example Senator Case, have done well and those tainted by Senator McCarthy have lost.

I should add that in spite of long-distance advice from British and European commentators I have found that the centre of American life is still the family hearth and home. Indeed there is a significant self-help movement which has led millions of families to paint and plaster and plumb their own houses. When I mention this self-evident fact to some of my fellow-countrymen I am told that this is either undermining trade-unionism, or an advertising racket of Sears-Roebuck or a conspiracy by the association of occupational therapists. It is a hard life satisfying world opinion.

Together with this revival of family life has gone a most interesting and unorthodox return to religion and philosophy, as the book-sellers can witness from their sales lists. You can find it in the universities and colleges, among business executives but above all in the vast church-attending public. It takes many forms and overlaps sects and denominations. For me the Mormons everywhere are a shining example; Jews and Catholics are making their distinctive appeals; Non-conformists, Unitarians and Episcopalians are talking a more realist language to their wide-spread congregations. Once again, as the great Christian Conference held outside Chicago has demonstrated, Americans want to hear the word of conviction from whatever corner of the free world it comes.

So farewell, America, I am going home, I am going to a people very like yourselves, but different. "Give me your difference" cried Goethe; "it is the highest compliment you can pay me." Farewell, kind and generous people, farewell California poppies and New Hampshire lakes, farewell taxi-drivers working for your Ph.D. in Berkeley and mothers and fathers working to put Sally and Tom through college. The burden of prosperity hangs hard on you. Relax, take it easy, have fun. After all you didn't invent Communism, Fascism, the Peoples Democracies or even the Welfare State. You are working out the American Way of Life. Your contribution was the Comman Man and now Herbert Hoover is agreeing with Max Beerbohm that what you need is the Uncommon Man. So down with the Century of the Common Man; here's to the year 2000 and 1! And hats off to the American woman, not only that idle fringe that plunges into every form of civic endeavour, but the mothers who keep the home fires burning and not seldom save up their cents to make a family visit to Europe and my own beloved country. Finally and lastly farewell students who dared to listen to my lectures and question me on everything under the sun.

(*The author is late Independent Member of Parliament for the English Universities. He took the first Oxford debating team to the United States* 30 *years ago, and since then has been visiting lecturer in many American universities.*)

CHILD LABOUR IN ITALY

By Norman Evans

EVERY year until 1952 in Benevento, a country town of 55,000 people some 30 miles inland from Naples, there was a market held on August 15 in which young boys were hired out for a year by their parents to farmers. It was called the '*gualani*' or '*alani*' market because the boys often between eight and 14 years old, were mainly taken on by the farmers as shepherds, and '*gualani*' or '*alani*' is the Italian slang for 'little shepherds'. The boys' parents received about 4,000 lire in cash (about 48s.) and five quintals of wheat valued at about 35,000 lire (about £20) as their share of the bargain. On his side the farmer got his labour for about 160 lire a day (about 2s.) that is including the actual payments made to the parents, and the cost of feeding and sleeping the young shepherd. During this year, which traditionally ran from September 8, the boy would be out with the sheep and goats by day, and by night he would usually sleep in a stable near the animals.

A hundred years ago any casual traveller in England noticed that children were employed almost as a general rule, and the employment of boys in Benevento is just one example of widespread juvenile employment in Italy to-day. Child labour is most obvious in agriculture, and, as one would expect from the stories of the poverty of southern Italy, most particularly in the south. But sometimes small factories such as furniture makers, silk spinners, fruit and milk processors use this cheap type of labour. And of course children are employed on a regular basis; it is not the sort of holiday work that is growing so fast here in England. It is an alternative to school.

Much of this labour is illegal. A 1934 law permits under 14-year-olds to work in agriculture, but forbids them to work in any other industry. Yet the census taken two years later shows that for the 660,000 young people aged 10-14 in farms, there were 320,000 children engaged in other occupations. No relevant figures are available for the 1953 census, but there is little expectation that the position will be improved.

Child labour exists on this scale because at its simplest, the wages of many men are so low that their families would go hungry without the little extra that their children are able to earn. (Generally they earn about one quarter of a man's wage.) In Benevento the matter is quite clear. Not only do the parents of the child who was put up for 'sale' get some additional income, but the arrangement shifts the responsibility

for feeding one young mouth to the master who employs the child. Frequently however the master is in as great need of cheap labour as the parents are in need of relief, for with the low wage level which favours the owner goes a low price level in the local market which tells against him. And if he is marketing cash crops, he finds that prices are largely controlled by big influential commercial concerns. So he tends to get a poor return all round. In these conditions, child labour is a normal occurrence—an argument could even be made out showing that in the circumstances it was a positively good thing.

However normal the employment of young people may be in Italy it is at once a symptom of weakness in the social and economic structure, and a cause of even greater weakness, which also shows up in Benevento. Since 1952 there has been some discussion of the Benevento *gualani* market in the Italian press and especially an article by Guido Salvemeninin Io Mondo which was answered by Dr. Purpura, Director General of the Italian Ministry of Labour— and some local efforts by the trade unions. The Government's reaction to all this publicity came in 1952 after the market had been held, when it instructed the Provincial Authorities to conclude an agreement with the local farmers and owners associations which really transferred this labour traffic of the market place, to inside the office of the Benevento branch of the Ministry of Labour. The officials undertook to accept applications from parents who wished their boys to be placed on farms, and the farmers were to be able to inspect the list. This transfer was legally possible under the 1934 law. In many cases it was already necessary for a 1949 law required all employment to be transacted through the Ministry of Labour except where concerns employed only three persons. This agreement therefore was meant to tighten up official control.

Whatever the motives which prompted this official action, it was no more than tidying up, although there was some gain. The Labour office had to certify the physical fitness of each boy before placing him and the degrading procedure of viewing and bargaining in the market place was abolished. On the other hand as the agreement did not lay down any wage tariff one of the worst features remains untouched. Some idea of the extent of this problem around Benevento is that by diverting the *gualani* traffic in this way the Ministry of Labour had received by August 15, 1954, the traditional day of the market, 700-odd applications to have boys placed, drawn from the 100,000 who lived in the province of Benevento.

Since the 1952 agreement the authorities claim that the *gualani* market has been abolished. It is true that there is no open market but private marketing still goes on. On August 15, 1953, the local people, unimpressed by the official attitude, tried to hold their market as usual in the Piazza del Duomo, the square in front of the main church, from 9 to 11 a.m. but the police intervened. This year the mid-August Bank holiday celebrations of Ferragosto were banned because the market had been

held simultaneously with the Ferragosto Fair, and from 5 a.m. the police were out in force patrolling the streets leading up to the piazza with instructions to prevent anyone trying to organize the market. And on a Sunday, as well as on Ferragosto, when everyone should have been on holiday, the head of the local Ministry of Labour and his clerks were in their offices ready to deal with trouble from the streets outside and to satisfy employers with their official lists. Despite all this the local people admitted freely that bargains were being struck out in the countryside away from interference.

This Benevento story of official intentions running foul of local customs shows no attempt to get to grips with the problem. The tidying-up process applied originally to Benevento only. In 1953 it was extended to the next province of Avellino, but there are still wide areas where the official eye is blind to the *gualani* habit.

Such limited Government action for the welfare of Italian children is unfortunately all too understandable. For child labour to be abolished the Government would have to attack Italy's economic problems in ways that are politically impossible. Since 1945 the Christian Democrats have headed the Government and they have had to remain fairly friendly with the Right in order to hold off the Left; this makes far-reaching reform difficult. Further, there are many Christian Democrats themselves who would not approve extensive reform, so all that can be hoped for is a piece-meal approach. This inability of the centre parties to act vigorously loses them support, making them even less able to play the part of reformer. Incidents such as the *gualani* market in Benevento show how this works out in practice. The main local efforts to do anything about this market came from the Communist-dominated trade unions. This sort of thing is impressive to people who may accept child labour as in the normal run of things but who would certainly like to be without it. In areas where the implications of various political parties are unimportant, but where efficiency or promises of efficiency are weighed against inefficiency, irrespective of party labels, this interest in people's imediate problems is likely to be remembered at the polls. So child labour remains a perplexing dilemma not only for Italian families, but for Italy herself.

(*In the last two years the author has been studying this particular problem in Italy at first-hand.*)

THE LIBERAL REPORT ON EDUCATION

By Bruce Pattison

THE Education Act of 1944 has now been in operation for a decade. It is too early to change its essential structure, and no reasons for doing so have been brought forward with any force; but its working can now be assessed and imperfections remedied. Its implementation has been hampered by shortages of all kinds. The most serious effect of these has been on teachers, causing unduly large classes in the primary and secondary schools. The most beneficial administrative action at the present time would be an attempt to reduce the average size of classes, so that each child could get more individual attention. The provision of varied types of education has proceeded quite well, in spite of limited resources. The need now is to improve the quality of the education by increasing the teachers' effectiveness, by making it more possible to consider the individual capacities and difficulties of the pupils.

Every educationist would agree that a reduction in the size of classes is the most urgent need at the moment. But nothing is done, because no really practicable steps are suggested. The policy just officially adopted by the Liberal Party* not only gives this problem priority but proposes means of solving it. They will cost money. The Liberal Party believes that " if the country is to have an efficient educational system more money must be spent on it." Where it differs from some other " progressive " educationists is in putting forward proposals that can really be carried out and in keeping its demands for more money within the bounds of reason, so that they may have some chance of success in competition with other demands. The smaller classes are, the better. But a realistic aim for immediate action would be an average of 30 pupils in a class. This will require more teachers. The supply is improving, but in 1953 nearly half the children in the country were being taught in classes exceeding the present prescribed maximum of 40 for primary schools and 30 for secondary. The improvement in supply so far only helps with the " bulge " due to the high post-war birth rate, and will have to go beyond present expectations to allow a large all-round reduction in the size of classes, even after the present emergency. We must attract more teachers than we are doing; and, since the quality of education is our chief concern, they must be good teachers.

The suitable people are likely to be won to some extent in competition with other professions. Many people admirably fitted for teaching are

* *Looking Ahead.* Liberal Publications, 54, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. 6d.

discouraged by the teacher's poor social status and comparatively meagre financial prospects. More posts of responsibility as goals for the experienced teacher would attract some of these people. The duties that earn special reward tend to be too exclusively administrative. People who merely serve their schools well as teachers should have some recognition, as well as those who are heads of departments or have outstanding academic qualifications. An ordinary teacher of merit should be able to rise to a salary of £900-£1000 a year. This means that other salaries for responsible posts would have to go up proportionately. The result might not be to give science teachers, for example, as much as they would get in industry, but the comparison between the rewards of the two careers would not, as now, be so unfavourable to teaching as to frighten away even those who have a strong sense of vocation and would prefer teaching, if it were not too seriously less remunerative.

This additional expenditure should secure some good teachers, but it will not provide anything like the numbers required. A few, but not many, may be brought in from other walks of life after a short period of training. For the rest it is useless to expect a greatly increased contribution from the grammar schools. The only other source is the secondary modern school.

The secondary modern schools have often been very successful, but on the whole they are the least satisfactory feature of the present system. That is due to no fault of the teachers who work in them. It is due primarily to the 11+ examination, which makes many children start off in the secondary modern school with a sense of failure, and to the lack of objectives at the end of the course in such a school. To give the school serving the bulk of the population a status of its own is one of the most desirable pieces of educational adjustment.

On the other hand, some boys and girls who get into grammar schools cannot stay the course. The Liberal report advocates keeping the grammar school standard high and reserving that type of school for those who are able to go on to university entrance, if they so desire—in other words those who are fairly sure to reach Advanced level in the General Certificate of Education. Accordingly only the apparent certainties—those for whom a confident prediction can be made—should be admitted at the age of 11. That entails a reduction of grammar school places at 11+. But equal opportunities should be open to all children, wherever they live, and a national examination, locally marked and with local variations, is proposed. Thus all but the top 10-12½ per cent., and a small number who go to technical secondary schools, would go to the secondary modern school. The report is prepared not only to hand over to the latter the present C and lower B streams of some grammar schools but also to strengthen the secondary modern school by removing the really backward to special schools. The secondary modern school would have a considerable body of quite intelligent pupils and a good solid population of

average children. It would lack only the exceptionally academic and would be able to develop a sense of achievement by attaining good standards of work.

The trouble with the present examination at the age of 11+ is not that it is unsatisfactory in itself but that it is so final. To restrict grammar school entry to those relatively certain to profit from such an education would eliminate most of the disputed cases, but even so there is no reason why a child's future career should be determined on the result of one test. Freer transfer would still be a necessity. It would be especially so in the conditions envisaged by this report. Many of the secondary modern pupils would be quite capable of staying on until they were 16 and taking Ordinary level subjects in the G.C.E. On the other hand, some who had spent three years in a grammar school would still have proved disappointing in that they would not reach Advanced level. They should be transferred to join the Ordinary level candidates in the modern school, their places being taken by late developers from the modern school. To discover these a "leaving" certificate would be instituted for the last year of the modern school (at the age of 14+), and this would serve as a certificate of general education for those actually going out to seek employment at the age of 15.

The attempt to give the secondary modern school enhanced status is in itself a very important contribution to the improvement of the quality of education for the majority of the population. It would not mean that the spread of effective grammar school education would be smaller than at present. For the first three years all types of secondary school cover much the same ground, and the numbers in the upper forms of grammar schools would not be reduced by these proposals. The fluidity and equality of opportunity that are claimed for the comprehensive school would be achieved without the creation of vast new schools and the destruction of the grammar school tradition, with a consequent chasm between the State and independent school systems.

To return, however, to the problem of recruiting more teachers: it is to this new, vigorous and self-respecting secondary modern school that we must look for a fresh supply of teachers. Some of its pupils will stay at school long enough to pass the G.C.E. in sufficient subjects to qualify for entrance to a training college. More of them will be potentially suitable, and by interesting them in teaching they can be given an incentive to fit themselves for the profession. The parents of these children are used to apprenticeship schemes, and, if their children can gain a little experience in schools while continuing their studies, they will see an honourable career ahead. There is no idea in this proposal of lowering the standards of the teaching profession. The apprentice teachers will have to gain entry to an ordinary training college by passing the same tests as candidates from grammar schools, and they will follow the same courses. What is proposed is a preliminary period in a special branch of a train-

ing college to bridge the gap between the school leaving age and the age of normal entry to the college. During that period academic work would be encouraged by growing experience of the practical work to which it would eventually lead.

Even with all possible efforts to recruit more teachers, however, the prospects of reducing all classes to an average of 30 in the near future are not bright. The report reluctantly comes to the conclusion that it is impossible to provide education of the kind desired with the numbers of children now in the schools. The only solution is to shorten school life. Children must spend one year less in school in order to profit from the remaining years. That being so, the year that can best be spared is the first. The report proposes to raise the age of entry to school to six.

This is the most controversial part of the report. It would not have been put forward if the quality of education had not been thought more important than the quantity. Nobody in the Liberal Party wants to shorten the period of school attendance; nobody is unaware of the excellent work of infant schools or its value for later development. Nor was the committee which prepared the report indifferent to the social problems likely to be provoked by keeping children of five out of school. Anything which would help solve them would have its full support. But, while giving full weight to those social problems, we must recognize that temporarily we must sacrifice some benefits to gain others more important. We must make the best use of limited resources. All the evidence suggests that children learn more rapidly as they get older. This is one of the few countries where school begins at the age of five. That is a good thing, but it is better that children at the age of six should have nine years of effective teaching before them. Educationists are too apt to demand everything desirable at once; it is not surprising they usually get nothing. If smaller classes are the most urgent need, we must get them before any other desirable improvement, and we must get them at the cost of some amenities we now have. We may have to sacrifice the good in order to get the better.

There is a practical difficulty about reducing the primary school by one class, the five-year-olds. In most schools this would release only one class-room, and division of the other age-groups into thirties might not be easy with only one room to play with. Accommodation problems are usually soluble, however. Huts and rented premises may be improvised until the building programme gives additional space. If the teachers are there, rooms for their classes will be found. Unless we set about recruiting the extra teachers now, we may find that when the building programme is well advanced we still have large classes, and our only gain will be rooms kept empty by shortage of teachers.

Matthew Arnold would have liked this report. It concentrates not on machinery—organization, buildings, equipment—but on teachers. There are to be more of them, and they are to be given more responsibility

and recognition. In some respects the machinery is to be simplified. Divisional executives are to be swept away and more power given to governors and managers. Head teachers are to be encouraged to accept more responsibility and to enjoy some measure of the freedom of heads of direct grant schools. The saving of administrative effort and personnel will make a small contribution to the increased cost of the new model, but the important thing is that head teachers, released from bonds of red tape and supported by staffs who feel their work is respected equally with that of other learned professions, will be able to devote their energies to developing schools with distinctive characteristics. Education of good quality will never be obtained by the imposition of uniformity. That is why the report rejects the comprehensive school, while welcoming co-operation among schools of different types. Equality of opportunity can lead to the best education for all only if all schools are given equal freedom to develop independently their own special virtues. The Liberal proposals would give each type of school a distinct social function of which it could be proud; there would no longer be a division between the schools of the successful and the schools of the failures, but instead schools for those going on to academic careers and those going on to other careers, with free interchange between the two to keep pace with changes due to children's development. For each type of school an attempt would be made to recruit the best teachers available by offering inducements of financial reward, responsibility and reasonable conditions. A reduction in the size of classes, to an average of 30 in the first instance, would increase the teachers' effectiveness. Having secured a sufficient number of the best teachers available, the policy would be to encourage their initiative and professional pride, leaving them as free as possible but recognizing achievement. The report is an appeal for teachers and a challenge to teachers. It shows how they may be recruited and how they may be given scope and opportunities. It is a practical policy based on the assumption that the end of political action in education should be to provide the conditions for good teaching.

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WANDERING SCHOLARS

By David Cleghorn Thomson

Throughout six centuries of history a "cultural cross-fertilization" of intellectual interchange has been going on, sometimes as a result of violent expulsion, more often because of the universality of learning; scholars the world over recognize the importance of work done in their chosen sphere, and welcome a visiting colleague in search of the same truth. But it has been left to our generation to call into being an organization to succour them in distress and want. The Society for the Protection of Science and Learning was founded by Lord Rutherford because academic assistance on an international scale had become an obligation upon leaders of culture. Investigators and teachers in many fields in several countries were being refused permission to continue their contributions to the stock of knowledge for reasons of "race", religion or politics, and the Society started building up a register of displaced scholars and collecting funds for transitional grants to make their re-establishment possible. Hitherto funds had largely been drawn from the generous gifts of the university teachers themselves; £100,000 was raised in six years to keep the work going, but in 1939 the Society had to approach the public for financial help.

Dr. Etienne Gilson said at Harvard some years ago: "Our one hope is therefore in a widely spread revival of the Greek and medieval principle that truth, morality, social justice and beauty are necessary, and universal in their own right. Should philosophers, scientists, artists make up their minds to teach it, in time and out of time, it would become known again that there is a spiritual order of realities whose absolute right it is to judge even the State, and eventually to free us from its oppression. Such was the essential nature of medieval universalism; such also are the main reasons why it is still so meaningful for us. No nations, no races, no learned bodies have anything to lose by favouring such an attitude." To-day controversy rages less hotly over the wisdom or otherwise of welcoming alien refugees to our shores but it is as well to recall to what an extent history has repeated herself in these matters, and to consider whether we have anything to learn from our past experience with exiles of various kinds.

A great teacher of the University of Paris wrote thus of his Alma Mater in its heyday: "Never was the French influence more warmly welcomed, nor more universally felt, than in the thirteenth century when it exerted itself through that strange University of Paris, where not a

single one of the most famous professors was French." This is one of the most useful lessons we still can learn from the Middle Ages, and one that should remain before our minds as a safeguard against the worst kind of slavery to which mankind is now being submitted by totalitarian States: mental slavery. In the conviction that there is nothing in the world above universal truth lies the very root of intellectual and social liberty.

America, with her welcome to Einstein, Mann and Fermi, her Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton and her " University in Exile " in New York, gave practical testimony of her national loyalty to this great medieval principle. Some of the Negro colleges played an honourable part in the work of refugee placement while denominational institutions and especially Catholic universities were particularly liberal in their welcome of the idea. On one aspect in particular Britain and America were in complete accord; the question of simple anti-Semitism may have been acute in the States, but both countries realized that it is something much deeper than a " race " problem where Jewish intellectuals are concerned. Albert Einstein said in a broadcast appeal:

> In the past we were persecuted despite the fact that we were the people of the Bible; to-day, however, it is just because we are the people of the Book that we are persecuted. The aim is to exterminate not only ourselves, but to destroy, together with us, that spirit expressed in the Bible and in Christianity which made possible the use of civilization in Central and Northern Europe. If this aim is achieved, Europe will become a barren waste. For human community life cannot long endure on a basis of crude force, brutality, terror and hate.

What was at issue involved two of the central problems of contemporary civilization: The Jewish question and the threat to science and learning which caused Jews to stand in need of protection. The former is as much a Christian as a Jewish problem, and the latter involves the basic principle of the universality of learning.

On the medieval idea of the universality of learning it is hardly necessary to comment. What was threatened was the human basis of our civilization—those widely acknowledged values upon which depend all culture that is worthy of the name. Until such universal principles are secure it is bootless to expend millions upon material armament. The scholar-placement committees were not simply concerned with charity and relief to fellow mortals. " We must not leave a Giotto among the hill shepherds nor a potential Einstein among the amateur ploughmen of Palestine." Over 40 years ago a president of the British Medical Association said, in his inaugural address, that a Faraday, a Koch or a Pasteur would be a cheap purchase for any country at a million pounds. That is the narrower viewpoint. In the early days of the Royal Society Milton wrote: " We should be wary therefore what persecutions we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life

of man, preserved and stored up in books; since a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the breath of Reason itself; slays an Immortality rather than a life." That is the wider view.

May it not be in this matter of the universality of learning and the importance of academic freedom that a revival of an old faith is overdue? "Christianity tells us", wrote Arthur Clutton Brock, "that there is, as a matter of fact, another order transcending the natural order which we cannot be aware of unless we ourselves transcend it by putting off our will to power, by seeing all men and things, not as they are of use to us, but as they have virtue and beauty in themselves. It tells us that, if we do this, we shall be aware of a reality compared with which the will to power and the struggle for life are unreal. Now the question whether this is true or not is a real question of immediate moment to all men, and one which they can answer by means of actual experiment. Upon the answer we make to it will depend our theory of the State and all our practical politics."

Devoted scholars, investigators and committee-men forwarded the work of academic assistance in America, at much sacrifice of means and energy, in an endeavour to ensure that good work should go on and the university not be allowed to degenerate into a political robot factory, the drudge of the dictators. The universities, if need be led by the English-speaking centres, must be a community of free learning knowing no frontiers, showing themselves to be worthy of the supra-national trust of science.

It is strange to recall the words spoken by Matthew Arnold in New York and published over 70 years ago—about America's cultural heritage. Perhaps they may prove inspiring:

> . . . if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably suffer and be impaired more and more, until it perish . . . Mere multitude will not give us a saving remnant with certainty. The Assyrian empire had multitude, the Roman empire had multitude; yet neither the one nor the other could produce a sufficing remnant any more than Athens or Judah could produce it, and both Assyria and Rome perished like Athens and Judah.
>
> But you are something more than a people of 50 millions. You are 50 millions mainly sprung, as we in England are mainly sprung, from that German stock which has faults indeed—faults which have diminished the extent of its influence, diminished its power of attraction and the interests of its history, and which seems moreover just now, from all I can see and hear, to be passing through a not very happy moment, morally in Germany proper. Yet of the German stock it is, I think, true, as my father said more than fifty years ago, that it has been a stock "of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues. You come, therefore, of

about the best parentage which a modern nation can have. Then you have had, as we in England have also had, but more entirely than we and more exclusively, the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline. Certainly I do not wish it to remain in possession of the field forever, or too long. But as a stage and a discipline, and as a means for enabling that poor inattentive and immoral creature, man, to love and appropriate and make part of his being divine ideas, on which he could not otherwise have laid or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value. Well, then, . . . you are fifty millions sprung from this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country . . .

In a number of countries—Turkey (where a hundred German and Austrian scholars had been established nearly five hundred years after the sack of Constantinople), Japan and Spain for instance—able men of learning were forced, under economic pressure from the *Reich*, to abandon their posts and lose their means of livelihood. This proved an admirable opportunity for America and Britain jointly to initiate and finance international plans for the preservation of academic freedom and incidentally to correlate all activities in this field of the intellectual refugees of the world.

The outlook of the more enlightened universities is expressed in the report issued at the time by a Harvard Committee: ". . . Conscious or unconscious anti-Semitism would be a betrayal of the best traditions of the university. It would tend to cut Harvard off from the intellectual and cultural contributions of an important section of the American population. It would narrow the field for the recruitment of effective teachers, and render it more difficult for the university to attain the ideal of diversity of scholarship. In a broader sense, it would run counter to our cherished national tradition of fair play and equal opportunity . . ." My own impression is that the undoubted fact of a rising tide of anti-Semitism unduly affected the minds of those national committees who worked in New York, where the tide was highest, while it rarely exercised influence on the problem of exile scholar placement in the most progressive institutions further afield.

There can be little doubt that in most of the large academic centres, for one reason or another, the situation in this matter resembled that of the saturated solution in chemistry. It may well have been argued that very little further could be accomplished by the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars. Although this committee circularized all listed American colleges, nevertheless, on more than one occasion, instances occurred where institutions of standing, even within a hundred miles of New York, insisted that they had never heard of such facilities and that they would otherwise have taken advantage of them; which only demonstrates how ineffective letters are and how essential personal and continuous contact will always be in this matter. In addition to the carefully planned activities of this body, tribute must be

paid to the successful placement accomplished in very many instances by Dr. Wilbur Thomas of the Oberlander Trust, and of the untiring endeavours of Dr. Alvin Johnson of the New School of Social Research. Mention must also be made of the quiet collecting of information by the American Friends Service Committee and the effective propaganda and relief of the Catholic Refugee Committee in New York.

The success or otherwise of this exile placement work must ultimately be judged not on the basis of the number of unfortunate people provided with sanctuary, but from the acknowledged enrichment of faculty strength achieved and the permanent integration of skill in the fabric of American culture. After all, this is a matter of greater moment than the successful wheedling of apprehensive deans or the subtle circumvention of local obstacles or prejudices. But the price of academic and intellectual freedom is still eternal vigilance.

There are three pictures which live vividly in my memory from those days in the '30's when I was privileged to act as secretary of the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning. One morning I was rung up by a very eminent Professor of Chemistry at one of the older universities. He said: "Have you heard about Richard Wilstetter in the university of Munich. He is one of the great scientists, and he was coming over to give a series of lectures this autumn at the Royal Institution. I have just heard privately that things are being made difficult for him and that he must leave Munich immediately. I want to let your fellows know that a number of our scientists here would be proud to take him in for a while until he is re-established." We had heard about this great chemist, and so I wrote a number of letters and set off for lunch at my club. There I was stopped in the hall by a senior official of the Treasury, a former Secretary to the Prime Minister. He said: "Have you heard about Richard Wilstetter?"—and repeated the story I had just heard on the 'phone adding: "My brother and I would like to put up the money to bring him over to England; will you take the matter in hand?" Before I could reach the lunch room one of the directors of Marks and Spencer came up to me with exactly the same inquiry and proposition, saying that he and his fellow directors would gladly finance the bringing over of this eminent man. I returned early to the office and arranged for Dr. Ernst Kris, as I sat beside him in my office, to speak on the long distance 'phone to Richard Wilstetter. From this diplomatic inquiry I learned that he had made alternative plans. A few days later I heard from him that he had crossed over the Swiss border and was safe among his former students, in Zurich.

The second was a less happy memory, and concerns my arrival as an emissary of the Society in New York, and my meeting with a room full of very eminent university men who told me quite blankly that I must take the next passage back to London, and not proceed further with my mission. It was a severe shock to one who had received amazing hos-

pitality from Americans on two previous visits. They pleaded that saturation-point had long ago been reached and even when I told them that I would promise not to place a single man in America, they sent a cable to London addressed to Sir Frederic Kenyon demanding my immediate recall. I took a taxi to see Mr. MacDonald of the Foreign Policy Association, and he and Dr. Leland Warner sent a parallel cable urging that I be allowed to stay; which indeed I did, and later received a letter of apology and thanks from Stephen Kelly, the secretary of the committee who had received me so coldly.

The third memory is of a remarkable reception in the rooms of the Royal Society in Burlington House, which took place the day after we launched our main appeal. The hosts on this occasion were the Fellows of the Royal Society, and the guests were many of the exiled scholars and scientists in our midst. So that they should not cause embarrassment to their relations still in Germany and Austria, Italy and Russia, the scientists were all dressed in black morning coats and their names were not disclosed, except to the Archbishop of York (William Temple) who welcomed them. The Archbishop and the hosts on the other hand were wearing their full official robes and decorations in honour of their guests; and a concert presided over by Sir George Frankenstein was given by the Busch String Quartet. We had received a telegram saying that some Fascist political demonstration was going to be made outside, and so the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Society (the late Griffith Davies) had assembled three fellow ex-international footballers to guard the gates. It was a most moving occasion and it will be long before I and my guest for the evening (Mrs. Miniver) will forget it.

The spectacular cases of K. Fuchs, A. Nunn May and B. Pontecorvo have highlighted the need for vigilance, but there has been far too much hysteria about this Communist danger, more particularly in America, where Senator McCarthy has rushed unthinking fellow countrymen into frenzies of intolerance. One recalls that so careful was the work of the S.P.S.L. committee and their officials working in collaboration with the Home Office, that there have been no instances of succoured scientists, proved to be enemies of this country, having been on the lists of the society as in receipt of a full grant. One recalls too the days of the tribunals early in the war when many scholars were threatened with internment and a number had to be brought out of it into useful work—the timidity of some of those who sat in judgment and the ample justification of those who fought to prevent injustice and frustration of effort. Perhaps there have been traces of political bias evidenced in the pronouncements and actions of one of the unions covering scientific workers which have tended to drive the more staid academic minds nearer to Senator McCarthy. But we have been warned. With such a record behind us it is surely of vital importance that we shall keep this problem free of the influence of hysterical prejudice or sentimentalism and that

university opinion, of the teachers, the administrators and the students, shall remain worthy of the traditions set up by their predecessors in this field through the ages.

Professor Paneth and Professor Max Born, two of the most distinguished scientists given succour and asylum in this country when forced to go into exile from their own country in the '30's, have now returned as professors to Germany, and they are not the only instances. The other 24 Fellows of the Royal Society who have adorned the academic and scientific world away from their original faculties and laboratories, to the great enrichment of our own contribution to intellectual progress, remain with us as a continual reminder of the effects of exiling men of learning. In addition to the 26 refugee F.R.S's we can remember that there are eight Fellows of the British Academy. The last Honours List provided the first refugee scientist knighthood for Sir Francis Simon of the Clarendon Laboratory at Oxford.

Academic disciplines have to bow to the dictates of national security, must not encourage men of learning to be bad citizens in relation to the law to which they are subject, and are not concerned to make administration of States more difficult by providing sanctuary for defaulting citizens. But theirs is the privilege to keep a watch over the sanctity of academic freedom irrespective of geographical barriers or territorial sovereignty for the sake of the development and further enlightenment of all mankind.

A THREAT OF DISESTABLISHMENT

By Hugh Ross Williamson

I

IN the year 597 St. Augustine brought Christianity to England. At the first Holy Communion he celebrated on these shores he said certain prayers which had been given their final form a few years previously by Gregory the Great, the Pope who had sent him on his mission. Those prayers, some of which were actually primitive and all of which embodied primitive Christian doctrine, have remained unaltered from that day to this. This circumstance alone gives a central position in the Christian faith to what is sometimes referred to as the Great Prayer of the Church—though it is, in fact, in spite of its continuity, composed of twelve prayers, each of which is usually known by the Latin word with which it begins.

Whatever later doctrinal differences may have arisen between Christians in England, there are and can be none about the original deposit of the Faith which Augustine preached. Thus, these prayers are of unquestionable validity for all Christians, since none disagree with the Catholic Church about the original Christianity to which England was converted nearly a thousand years before the Reformation.

This simple historical fact is of cardinal importance to the understanding of the struggle which has been proceeding for a century in the Church of England. From the beginning of the Oxford Movement until to-day, the right to say these prayers—to say them with exactitude, without alteration or addition—has been the major point at issue (from which all other minor controversies such as that over ritual have sprung) between the Anglo-Catholics and the Anglican Episcopate.

To prevent the saying of them has been the motive behind the ecclesiastical policies of a succession of Archbishops of Canterbury, from Tait till the present occupant of the Primatial See. In 1874 Tait, as Primate, spoke against their use when he introduced the Bill which became the Public Worship Regulation Act. "He referred", says his biographer, Randall Davidson, "to the growing circulation of certain large and ornamental altar-cards printed for the priest in celebrating Holy Communion. On these cards . . . the Prayer of Consecration, for audible use, was surrounded in print with devotions for the priest alone, quite alien to the tone and character of the Book of Common Prayer. 'I call upon those who glory in the name of members of the Church of England', he said, 'to come forward and declare themselves manfully against such a

desecration of Holy Communion '."

Tait's attack on the Great Prayer—for it was this which was printed on the altar-cards—led to an immediate challenge. In reply he quoted two sections of the Great Prayer—the *Memento Domine* and the *Communicantes*—and, stigmatizing them as containing " the worst errors ", opined that the congregation " if they knew what the minister was saying would rise and leave the church." It is hardly surprising that, as Randall Davidson records—" the letters of the next fortnight showed conclusively that all hope of the concurrence of high Churchmen in passing the Bill through Parliament must be definitely abandoned."

The Bill was passed, nevertheless, and so began the famous series of imprisonments of the Anglo-Catholic clergy for refusing to give up the silent use of the Great Prayer. Among others, Tooth (who died as recently as 1931) was kept in jail for 28 days, Pelham Dale and Enraght for 49 and Faithorne Green for nearly a year and a half. Such resistance made the Act unworkable and, though it still remains on the statute book, there would hardly be enough prison accommodation for the Anglo-Catholic priests who to-day openly defy it and continue to say the prayers which St. Augustine said.

The Episcopal attack continued with more subtlety but with unrelenting bitterness. In 1904 Randall Davidson, now himself Archbishop of Canterbury, adopted Tait's policy but gave it another form, that of a Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline. From this, over 20 years later, there emerged the Revised Prayer Book of 1928 whose objective was to make the use of the Great Prayer impossible within the terms of canonical obedience. The book's rejection by Parliament was a blow from which Randall Davidson did not recover and the defeat led to a further change in Episcopal tactics. A mordant satire of the times which represented a chorus of Bishops pleading for

> Our please-be-good-boys new Book,
> Our don't-make-a noise new Book,
> Our why-can't-you-risk-a bit, trust the Episcopate,
> Save-the-Establishment Book

had not been altogether without effect and the bishops were quite aware that their next move would be scrutinized with sceptical care.

They did not make it until 1939, when the archbishops appointed a Commission on Canon Law, which, on the face of it, looked harmless enough. The report was not issued till 1947 and an interim edition, showing what progress has been made, appeared in the latter half of 1954 with the information that none of the proposed new canons is " yet at a stage when the question of seeking authorization for them arises." Yet, as the object of revision, though hidden under labyrinths of irrelevance, is precisely the same as that of Tait in 1874 and Randall Davidson in 1928, it is well that a warning from the Anglo-Catholic side should be given in time and I have been asked by a large body of Anglo-Catholic

priests and permitted by the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY to attempt an outline of the situation so that, when the battle on authorization is joined —and it is likely to be as bitter as the 1928 struggle over the Prayer Book—the laity may at least know what it is about.

The theological issue is simple and I have already sufficiently emphasized it. What is in question is the right of any Anglican priest to use, within the terms of his canonical obedience, the prayers first used when England became Christian, both as embodying sound Christian doctrine and as being the traditional prayers of Christendom at the service of Holy Communion. The legal and historical issues are, however, less simple.

II

Every clergyman in the Church of England, on being admitted to holy orders, has to make a Declaration of Assent by which he undertakes, among other things, to use the form set forth in the Book of Common Prayer " and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority." This phrasing obviously does not and cannot be construed to mean that he promises—as is so often said loosely in controversy—to use the Prayer Book form and nothing else. Were that so, there would be no Anglo-Catholics in the Church of England, since their consciences would prevent them ever taking such an oath. The question is: What is the ' lawful authority ' mentioned in the exceptive clause?

In his authoritative memorandum on this subject in *The Canon Law of the Church of England*, Mr. Justice Vaisey points out that " precise definition of ' lawful authority ' is impossible. It is true in a sense to say that nobody can be sure what the words mean, either to himself or anybody else, and that their effect has been to convert an obligation which was impossible to perform into one which is impossible to understand." The one thing that is quite certain is that they do not mean ' legal authority ' and that one legitimate construction of them is ' canonical authority ' It is in this sense that most Anglo-Catholics take the oath: " I will use the legally-imposed Prayer Book except in so far as the canonical authority of an enactment by Convocation orders me to do otherwise." And, they contend, the last valid enactment by Convocation orders them to use the Great Prayer.

Until the year 1549 no-one in England had ever thought of using any other form at Holy Communion but that—which was, of course, and had been for centuries, canonically enacted. In that year 1549 another form was imposed on the Church not lawfully by Convocation but legally by Act of Parliament. It led to an immediate revolt in various parts of the country in which the rebels announced: " We will not receive the new service." After two months the revolt was stamped out by foreign mercenaries imported by the Government.

This new form of prayers for Holy Communion was necessary to pro-

vide a *raison d'être* for the Government policy of transferring the wealth of the Church to the hands of the Crown. That process involved, in the first place, preventing the payment of ecclesiastical dues to Rome; in the second, confiscating the chantry lands and endowments; in the third, acquiring the immense treasure lavished on the shrines of the saints.

Archbishop Cranmer, in charge of propaganda, realized that to rewrite the Great Prayer with these things in mind was an effective way of clothing the naked policy of pillage in the serviceable garments of moral justification. This he proceeded to do, dividing the Prayer into two parts and making one of them optional, altering the order and the wording, substituting the name of the King for that of the Pope as head of the Church and excising every reference to prayers for the dead and to the existence of saints. For, as long as the Great Prayer remained intact and in its original form, it was always possible that a counter-Reformation might start within the Church itself.

When, in the course of its magnificent definition of the world-wide Church, priests and people prayed, in the Great Prayer, for "Thy servant, our Pope, our Bishop and all true believers" there was always a danger that, at least in their thoughts, the successor of St. Peter instead of the successor of Henry VIII might retain his place as Christ's Vicegerent. So Cranmer changed this phrase to "all Christian kings, princes and governors and specially thy servant Edward our King that under him we may be godly and quietly governed; and grant unto his whole Council and to all that are put into authority under him that they may truly and indifferently administer justice . . ." The secular was thus explicitly substituted for the spiritual and Cranmer took additional care to emphasize it further. The Great Prayer implores God "to protect, unite and govern the Church throughout the world." Cranmer reserved the actual word 'govern' exclusively for the King and his deputies and for the original phrase substituted "inspire continually the universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity and concord"—which, even though theologians have been at pains to point out that it means the same thing, has in fact not quite the same effect.

Cranmer's second necessity was to get rid of any idea of praying for the dead, in order to justify the confiscation of the money and chantry lands which generations of devout Englishmen had left for that purpose. The Great Prayer, embodying Christian custom from apostolic times, runs: "Be mindful, O Lord, of thy servants, men and women" (at this point every worshipper individually mentions quietly by name his or her dead friends) "who have gone before us with the sign of faith and sleep the sleep of peace. To them, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshing, light and peace." This Cranmer turned into: "We also bless Thy holy name for all thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us

grace so to follow their good examples that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom"; and, further to destroy its original connotation as a prayer for those in purgatory, he removed it from its original context and placed it at an earlier point in the service.

There remained the saints. The Great Prayer is full of the saints. It emphasizes that the Church is not confined to the "Church militant here on earth" but includes also the Church triumphant in Heaven. It insists, in its definition of the Church to which I have already referred, that the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. John the Baptist and St. Paul, the Apostles and the martyrs and the evangelists and the missionaries "and all thy Saints" are an integral part of the actual Church (though, since it has not varied since the end of the sixth century, no saint later than that date is mentioned by name). As one commentator on the Great Prayer has put it: "The Church is one in heaven and on earth. The stern of the vessel no doubt is still in darkness. But the prow advances, shining into the living light of eternal glory. Our stammerings are amplified by the praises of the saints." The treasure lavished on the shrines of the saints is merely the outward sign that ordinary men and women are soaked in this Christian belief that the saints are at all times an operative part of the Church. But as in sixteenth-century England the Government had stolen all this treasure, it was necessary that the belief itself should be eradicated. So from the Great Prayer Cranmer erased every mention of a saint, even Christ's Mother.

There were, of course, other changes made by which primitive Christian teaching was jettisoned to justify sixteenth-century revolutionary policy; but a mention of these three is, I hope, enough to explain what the Anglo-Catholic means when he says that the Prayer Book Holy Communion Service is political rather than spiritual. What spiritual validity it possesses derives from those portions of the Great Prayer which Cranmer did not alter beyond recognition—as, for example, the narrative of the Last Supper which provides the formula for the consecration of the bread and wine. But obviously the Great Prayer remains the norm and the Prayer Book version a deviation—a monument to political necessity. Nor, since the Great Prayer is not only accessible but still used by most Christians, is there any good reason—to put it at its lowest—against its use.

In the Church of England, there are three different attitudes to the dilemma in which the clergy are thus placed. The Low Church Party, supported by nearly all the bishops, insists on regarding Cranmer's new prayers as themselves the norm and anathematizing the Great Prayer as "a Roman innovation." They see as clearly as did Tait that the Great Prayer is "quite alien to the tone and character of the Book of Common Prayer" though they still fail to grasp the true historical sequence. The High Church Party tries to argue that the two versions are actually the same and that Cranmer merely rearranged without sub-

stantially altering the Great Prayer. The Anglo-Catholics, repudiating a rite whose *raison d'être* was to justify a particular economic revolution, insist on still using the Great Prayer*, in spite of every preventive effort on the part of the episcopate, which now, as then, fears that doctrine translated into action would lead to the severance of the Church from the State. It has not escaped notice that in the autonomous provinces of the Anglican Communion where a revision of the Prayer Book has been carried out, the Great Prayer has always been the model adopted and in most cases, prayers for the dead, the commemoration of saints (with the Blessed Virgin Mary explicitly mentioned) have been restored to their proper places. And the reason that the provinces of Canterbury and York lag far behind in this respect is, precisely, *because they are established;* because the 'legal' has displaced the 'lawful'. It is to 'lawful' canonical authority that Anglo-Catholics still appeal. Are they justified in their plea?

III

There is no question of lawful—that is to say, canonical as opposed to legal—authority for any version of the Book of Common Prayer before the edition of 1662, for it is incontrovertible that the earlier books, from 1549 onwards, were forced on the Church solely by Act of Parliament. On the other hand it is constantly asserted by both Low and High Church apologists that the Restoration Prayer Book stands in a different category. The Dean of Chichester wrote recently to the *Church Times* epitomizing this view: "The Prayer Book of 1661 was entirely the work of the Church. It was adopted and subscribed by the clergy of both Houses and both provinces on December 20, 1661. When it came to the Houses of Parliament to be made the law of the land, it was accepted without change and annexed to the Act of Uniformity, 1662." The Dean, of course, does not state that the Book was canonically enacted (which is the only point at issue) since, as a scholar, he must be as well aware as anyone that this was not the case; but his careful phrasing might leave on the mind of the ordinary reader the impression that the 1662 Book possesses 'lawful' as well as 'legal' authority. It is thus important to understand the actual conditions in which the Restoration Book was compiled and enforced.

As Charles II was indebted to both Anglicans and Presbyterians for support, his first intention was to authorize a new rite which should be agreeable to both. He therefore appointed, on March 25, 1661, a joint committee of Anglican and Presbyterian divines—known as the Savoy Conference—to undertake a revision of the Prayer Book "for giving satisfaction to tender consciences." They were to submit their conclusions to him in writing "to the end the same, or as much there as shall

* Certain Anglo-Catholic clergy, when ministering to uninstructed congregations, still say, for pastoral reasons, some of Cranmer's prayers, though they are careful to say them as individual prayers and not (except the words of consecration) as part of the Canon of the Mass.

be approved by us, may be established." That is to say, a joint Anglo-Presbyterian Book, subject to the alteration by the King alone, was to be enacted by Parliament as the Book of Common Prayer.

To have satisfied the Presbyterians, with their anti-Catholic theory of the Church, would have, in the circumstances, meant emptying the Holy Communion service even of those remnants of traditional Christian faith, derived from the Great Prayer, which Cranmer had left. An agreed book would have been the end of any possible claim—which even the Low Church party made—that the Church of England was, rightfully, part of the Catholic Church. All Anglican apologists have, therefore, suggested that the Anglicans of 1661 had, from the very beginning of the Conference, no genuine intention of co-operating. But this is not so. Dr. R. S. Bosher, in his invaluable *The Making of the Restoration Settlement* (1951) has shown that from the beginning of the Conference on April 15 till the first week of July there was every intention of co-operation. With documentation he proves that "the Anglicans, contrary to the generally accepted version, did entertain some hope of satisfying the more moderate Puritans and did not embark on the Conference with a pre-determined attitude of *non-possumus*." This, of course, tallies with the statement of Clarendon (who was deeply concerned in it) that when the Conference failed and the Anglicans went on alone "the bishops spent the vacation in making such alterations to the Book of Common Prayer as they thought would make it more grateful to their dissenting brethren."

When Convocation itself was summoned, three weeks after the opening of the Savoy Conference, it was at every turn hampered by the proceedings of that 'concurrent commission'— which, as the Bishop of Colchester lamented, "was indeed an antecedent commission to ours and has been a great *Remora*." Convocation could not indeed debate the liturgy at all because the usual form of summoning it forbade it to suggest changes "contrary or repugnant to the Liturgy as established." On May 31, however, the King ordered this proviso of orthodoxy to be omitted, but it was not until the Savoy Conference failed finally to agree that Convocation was asked to provide a revised Prayer Book. The lasting influence of the one on the other is evidenced by the fact that of the 17 concessions made by the Anglicans to the Presbyterians at the Savoy Conference, all but three were embodied in the recommendations of Convocation. Important also is the circumstance that the King's order to Convocation was couched in precisely the same terms as his order to the Savoy Conference—"that they would make such additions and alterations as to them should seem meet and convenient; and should exhibit and present the same to His Majesty in writing, for his further allowance and confirmation."

Nothing in these proceedings can, by any stretch of the imagination, be construed to mean that Convocation enacted the new Book by canon-

ical authority. The King himself enacted it, through Parliament, a an addendum to the Act of Uniformity. All that Convocation wa asked to do was to offer advice in writing and it was not even asked t do that, *although it was in session*, until it was clear that there was n chance of getting the new Book from the Savoy Conference.

It is, of course, true that on December 20, 1661, the Book wa approved and subscribed by Convocation, which had resumed it session on November 21. But the debate was perfunctory in the extrem and the whole matter had been 'arranged' by the compromisin bishops, who had been at work, as Clarendon pointed out, during th vacation. When on the eve of the session, the Clerk of Convocatio remarked to the Bishop of London that "they might so reform th liturgy as that no sober man might take exception" the Bishop told hin tartly "that what should be was concluded and resolved"—which wa true. To avoid delay, the bishops of the northern province, who wer already in London, were accorded proxies to act for their synod and th temper of the York Convocation is indicated by a number of proposition which were ordered to be transmitted to the bishops in London. Th first begins: "Whether in case any alterations in the liturgy should b decided upon, a public declaration should not be made, stating that th grounds of such a change are different from those pretended by schis matics?" and certainly suggests that had there been a genuine debat in Convocation instead of an episcopally manoeuvred *fait accompli*, th 1662 Book would not have had even canonical recommendation. Th tactics of the bishops—to whose plans speed and the prevention of such debate was essential—is thrown into greater relief by the circumstance that, though the Book was adopted on December 20, 1661, not until February 24, 1662, could an official transcription be completed to present to the King.

These are the facts behind the Dean of Chichester's summary: "The Prayer Book of 1661 was entirely the work of the Church. It was adopted and subscribed by the clergy of both Houses and of both provinces on December 20, 1661." And from neither the full facts nor the summary can it be argued that the 1662 Book was canonically enacted by Convocation—which process alone would give it 'lawful authority'.

IV

Such, in very brief epitome, are the grounds for the Anglo-Catholic contention that no version at all of the Book of Common Prayer has anything but legal authority and that the only form of the Holy Communion service which, by lawful authority, he is bound to use is the traditional pre-Reformation form of which the essence is the Great Prayer. The only rite of Holy Communion which possesses undoubted spiritual and canonical authority in the Church of England is that which was in use at the time of the Reformation and which, though made a legal offence

as never been canonically abrogated. (It is at least arguable, as one writer has put it, that "it would have been *ultra vires* for a provincial synod to abrogate a rite which had the prescriptive use with a thousand years behind it throughout the West. But, as a matter of fact, the provincial synod never attempted to do anything of the sort.") Hence the Gelasian Canon—to give the Great Prayer its technical name*—remains the form "ordered by lawful authority."

Nor, to be just to the Episcopate, is there any serious suggestion that it is not. The State-appointed bishops, in their desire to suppress it since the Oxford Movement reinstated it, have never dared to deny the canonical correctness of its use. Archbishop Frederick Temple in authorizing its use in an Anglican Benedictine community commented, indeed, that "the greater includes the lesser." But to-day the Episcopate tends rather to stigmatize those who use it as 'disloyal'—without adding that the disloyalty is to Caesar, not Christ. Lait, of course, was at least honest and used the direct method of jettisoning canonical authority and calling in the secular arm to prosecute in the secular courts—for there is no doubt of the Great Prayer's illegality. Davidson's indirect method was to draw up a new Prayer Book which, he assumed, would be canonically enacted and of which the consequence would be that no alternative to it could be used within the limits of canonical obedience. The present method is substantially the same but has the added subtlety of diverting attention from the Holy Communion service, the crux of the matter, by revising the whole body of canons, which, when lawfully enacted by Convocation, will have the desired effect.

Canon 12, which has already been agreed by both Convocations, provides that "every Minister shall follow the Use . . . prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer . . . in the administration of the sacraments, and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority." The 'exceptive clause', though looking the same, has now a quite different force; for once the new canons are themselves validly enacted, it will be impossible to appeal to a 'lawful authority' which they have lawfully and authoritatively superseded.†

The Anglo-Catholics will thus be faced with an inescapable dilemma. Either they will have to disobey their bishops—a course which would nullify the Anglo-Catholic insistence on such canonical obedience as a mark of true Catholic order—or they will have to refrain from saying the Great Prayer. Consequently, they are forced to warn the episcopate, at this stage before any irrevocable action is taken, that unless some such safeguard as the insertion in Canon 12 of the words "except, in the administration of Holy Communion, the Gelasian Canon", they will be compelled to take formal steps to demand the disestablishment of the Church of England.

* So called, because Gregory the Great merely put the finishing touches to the work of Gelasius (492).

† The long and unwieldy Canon 13 which attempts to define 'lawful authority' has not yet been discussed; but it is, in any case, irrelevant to this particular argument.

IS THE DARK LIGHT ENOUGH?

By W. A. Darlington

THIRTY years ago the cult of realism on the stage, started by Bernard Shaw and William Archer in their Ibsen campaign 30 years earlier still, was at its height. Archer himself in his last book *The Old Drama And The New*, published in 1924, gloated over his belief that what he called the " foreign elements " of lyricism and rhetoric had been banished from the London stage. At the time his claim seemed to be justified, however much one might regret it. Shakespeare was an exile from the West-end unless he consented to masquerade in modern dress, and had to eke out an existence, on charity as it were, at the Old Vic or the old inadequate Memorial Theatre at Stratford. Occasionally he, or one of the other classical authors, would be given a West-end benefit performance on Sunday night by societies which had sprung up, it seemed, for the express purpose of flouting Mr. Archer.

It was widely taken for granted that the only kind of play that a sensible person would wish to see was one written by a contemporary dramatist on a contemporary theme in contemporary colloquial prose; and an exception here and there only served to emphasize how firmly the rule held. About the time when Archer's book appeared, for example, there were two such exceptions before the public. Shaw's *Saint Joan* was succeeding in spite of Archer's dictum that rhetoric was no longer acceptable in the theatre; and Flecker's *Hassan* was giving nightly evidence that the public did not find lyricism totally unbearable. Yet Archer, if challenged, could easily have explained away these two successes. Shaw, he could have said, was in 1924 the public's idol and could do no wrong. Flecker's very imperfect play was drawing audiences not because of, but in spite of, its poetry. *Chu Chin Chow* had just concluded an enormous run, and *Hassan* was regarded as its successor at the same theatre, more literate than *Chu Chin Chow*, but less entertaining.

In general it was true that no dramatist of that time dared venture outside the realistic formula. Those who tried to be different could get no hearing except in small outlying theatres or (again) from the Sunday societies. One " different " dramatist who did manage to fight his way to fame was John Drinkwater, and his career showed clearly how hard the way was. He was an exceptionally gifted man of the theatre, with an exceptionally wide experience. His father had been an actor and producer, and he himself had been associated with Barry Jackson in the founding of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, where he had acted,

produced and managed. He won fame when Nigel Playfair put on his play *Abraham Lincoln* at the Lyric Hammersmith, where it ran for a year. Yet even that achievement gave Drinkwater no real standing with the London public; he never knew what it was to have a West-end success until he conformed to the popular taste, and wrote a modern contemporary comedy, in a style quite unlike that of his historical plays, called *Bird In Hand*.

The fact was that the London West-end audiences of the 1920's had sunk into a deplorable state of imaginative inertia. This was the very last kind of result that Archer, or Shaw, or the younger disciples of Ibsen like Granville Barker, had expected when they had preached the new "theatre of ideas". Their theory was that when rhetoric and lyricism had been purged from the theatre, ideas would flow in and fill the gap, but what did in fact happen was that the gap remained unfilled. Ordinary playgoers accepted meekly the dictum that the colourful and romantic theatre they had enjoyed in Irving's day was now outmoded; but they developed no liking for having their minds improved. What they demanded, more and more, was realistic story-telling.

After the demoralizing years of the 1914-1918 war they lost any catholicity of taste they may once have had, and took little interest in any stories that did not deal with well dressed, well-washed, well-housed, English—or at any rate English-speaking— people of normal habit and good social position. Given these conditions, they were ready on occasions to visit quite serious plays. But such plays had to be written by men like Somerset Maugham or John Galsworthy who wrote naturally about the upper or upper-middle classes; and it is worth noting that St. John Ervine, a dramatist of the realistic school who made his reputation first with plays set, like *Jane Clegg*, among humble people in shabby homes, had to raise the financial and sartorial standard of his characters to the pitch of *The First Mrs. Frazer* or *Robert's Wife* before these playgoers would join his public. They abjured all poetic plays without exception, all plays of ideas but Shaw's, all fantasy but Barrie's.

Writing as they did to a formula, the leading dramatists of the time become exceedingly expert; Noël Coward, A. A. Milne, Frederick Lonsdale and—when he turned to the theatre in 1931—J. B. Priestley were masters of their special technique, of which the chief virtue was clarity of statement elaborated to such a pitch of craftsmanship that it wore a deceptive appearance of effortlessness. To the practitioners of this school it was axiomatic that the dramatist's first duty to his public was to be completely comprehensible. Barrie, whose foible it was to pretend that he knew nothing about the technical side of playwriting, once described his method in the illuminating sentence: "My own plan was simply to make everything clear to myself in the hope that this would clear a way for the spectator." And on a lower level of dramaturgy a popular author expressed the same idea rather more crudely:

"Act one, tell 'em what you're going to do. Act two, let 'em see you doing it. Act three, tell 'em what you've done. And anything you want them to remember, tell 'em three times."

Against so relentless a preoccupation with a particular kind of writing there was bound to be a reaction in time, and during the decade before the 1939-1945 war a number of events took place which encouraged optimists to hope that such a reaction was on its way. The successful transference of the Old Vic's production of *Hamlet*, with John Gielgud in the name part, to the West-end in 1930 was the first of these portentous happenings, after which the triumph of *Romeo and Juliet* four years later with Peggy Ashcroft as Juliet and John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier exchanging the parts of Romeo and Mercutio seemed no more than a logical development. Rising prosperity at Stratford-on-Avon, when the new Memorial Theatre was beginning to extend its season, showed that a public for Shakespeare's plays was once more coming into being. The emergence and immense popularity of a British ballet could be interpreted as a retreat from realism. The persistent, if subdued excitement over T. S. Eliot's *Murder In The Cathedral*, produced originally at a Canterbury Cathedral Festival, proved the existence of an unexpectedly large public for something new and strange. J. B. Priestley's preoccupation with experiments in form and method gave promise of change, and so did the rise of small repertory theatres all over the country, some of them with refreshingly imaginative policies though none of them had much money. And with the second war the change came.

To follow that change in detail would take more space than this short survey can command. No doubt it was quickened and intensified by the spiritual and physical upheavals which the whole population suffered during the war; and in effect it was the emergence of a completely new playgoing public, younger in average age and fresher in outlook than the pre-war generation. This public did not expect the theatre to be especially realistic (after all, the cinema was the place for that) but was practically omnivorous. For a time the London theatre-managers were bewildered by the change, and were rather shy of offering their new public the kind of entertainment it was eager to get. For example, John Gielgud was anxious to produce Congreve's *Love For Love*, but not believing that the big public would want to see it he produced it as a non-profit-making venture under the aegis of the Arts Council. The public came flocking, and the play ran for a year, placing its backers in the anomalous position of having to find another play to which the public would not flock, on which they could disperse their uncovenanted profits.

Encouraged by the success of this venture, and by the doings of the Old Vic Company which was developing under the direction of Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson and John Burrell into an informal national theatre, managements plunged into an endless series of classical revivals. The public responded enthusiastically, and proved itself ready

to follow with unfeigned enjoyment the plays of such "difficult" dramatists as Chekhov and Ibsen, which the previous generation had regarded with a dislike bordering on alarm. The new playgoers were ready to accept such a play as *The Master Builder*, for example, on its profounder level; whereas the pre-war public had dismissed it at its purely surface value as a tiresome tale of an absurdly vain small-town architect who climbed a high tower to impress a peculiar girl who had a crush on him, and—having no head for heights—fell off and was killed.

So successful was the revival policy that critics began to be apprehensive lest the work of good new dramatists was being squeezed out. Such new plays as were reaching the West-end stage were by established authors—Terence Rattigan, Emlyn Williams, Noël Coward, J. B. Priestley, James Bridie—and were aimed at a section of the public whose tastes were established also. Nothing, so far, was being written to suit, or to enable actors to suit, the wider, unformulated demands of the new public. There was room for a new kind of dramatic writing, but what it would be like, and where it would come from, was a question disturbingly open. Peter Ustinov was the most promising of the few new young dramatists that had appeared, but his work, though markedly individual, was not in any way revolutionary.

In the end, the new kind of writing arrived unannounced and almost unnoticed. Some time in 1949 or 1950 it was suddenly borne in on students of the drama that among the current successes in London were several new plays—perhaps as many as half-a-dozen—which could never have even been considered for West-end production before the war. Bridie's *Daphne Laureola*, Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning*, T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* were the most outstanding, and widely different as they were in tone, texture and content, they had in common one quality, an element of fantasy. Not one of the three authors was concerned to tell a story of ordinary people going about their normal lives, nor did any one of them seem to regard clarity of statement as a paramount virtue. In all three plays there were scenes where it was hard, or even impossible, to know that the author meant to convey; and it was noticeable that whereas pre-war audiences would have resented such obscurities and have condemned them as bad play-writing ("I can't understand a word of this nonsense"), post-war audiences seemed content to be puzzled.

Not merely content, but happy. Within a few weeks of the production of *Daphne Laureola*, discussions were going on all over the town as to the meaning, the purpose and the symbolism of the play. The lack of any real continuity in its story seemed not to trouble anybody. Interest concentrated itself on such questions as the meaning of the bomb-hole down which, in the first restaurant scene, the characters were in constant danger of falling. During this time it chanced that Bridie himself, at a public luncheon, sat between a successful fellow-playwright

and a dramatic critic, whereupon the following conversation took place:

Critic: How's the play going?
Bridie: Excellently, thanks.
Critic: Best thing you've done. But I wish people wouldn't write and ask me what it's all about, because I don't know. Do you, by any chance?
Bridie: Does it have to be "about" something? I had certain things I wanted to say, and felt it my duty to entertain people while I said them. That's all.
Critic: Ah, but there's the symbolism.
Bridie: What symbolism?
Critic: That hole. It Means Something, my correspondents insist.
Fellow-Playwright (cutting in): I can tell you what that hole means. (*To Bridie*). Bet me half-a-crown?
[*Bridie puts half-a-crown on the table*]
Well; if your scene is a restaurant, and Edith Evans is your leading lady, and you want to put her on an eminence up-stage, you don't want a lot of horrid little tables between her and the audience. So you put a bomb-hole in the floor. Right?
[*Bridie hands him the half-crown*]
Critic: What, *no* symbolism?
Bridie: Well, once I had the hole there, I won't say I didn't use it to suggest that the world isn't a very safe place nowadays. But it was just a practicable hole when I made it.

That little scene had for the critic's mind a double impact. On the one hand, it was uplifting to know that a dramatist of Bridie's intelligence felt himself to have a public for which he did not need to dot all his i's. On the other, it was vaguely disquieting to realize that many of that public might be responding to him with a mere unthinking eagerness to be impressed, having taken *omne ignotum pro magnifico* as its motto. Once people began to admire obscurity for its own sake, they would be in danger of the kind of self-deception satirized by Hans Andersen in the story of the Emperor's new clothes.

With the swift rise to popularity of Christopher Fry, that danger seemed to come nearer. Here was a writer who had the long-lost, because long unvalued, gift of word-music; and though the music was unmistakable, the words often were mystifying. The public did not care. Let Fry take care of the sounds, their attitude implied, and the sense can take care of itself. They flung themselves on the novel feast with the appetite not of normal hunger, but of starvation. There were some, however, who held aloof as the feast began to devolve into an orgy. Delighted though they were themselves with the rich flavour of the new fare, they preserved detachment enough to savour it more carefully, and even to murmur an occasional doubt about the cookery. Was not Christopher Fry, perhaps, too often lacking in that sense of theatre which enables a dramatist to be his own audience as he writes? Could he not, with advantage, study that crude rule of thumb: "Anything you want them to remember, tell them three times"?

It was not until late in 1950, however that such vague disquietudes about the growing tendency in the new plays to be obscure found general expression. Then, the whole body of professional dramatic critics re-

acted with an indignation amounting in some cases to fury to the first performance of John Whiting's *Saint's Day*, one of the three plays selected by the Arts Theatre Club to compete for the awards in its important play competition. This play went as close as any sane composition could to being completely incomprehensible on any plane, realistic or symbolic. Other dramatists might have their difficult moments, but here was a young writer ready to encounter darkness as a bride, and hug it in his arms. The play was nevertheless awarded the first prize in the competition, and the critics were publicly taken to task in a letter to the press signed by a number of leading actors and actresses, whose argument was that the play's incomprehensibility hardly mattered in view of the outstanding dramatic promise that the author had revealed.

From their particular point of view, the actors were right. New writers of high talent are rare, and it was unfortunate that one of them should be castigated, and perhaps have his confidence shaken, on account of an experimental 'prentice piece. Nevertheless, the instinct was sound which impelled the critics, in unison but not in collusion, to their protest. The taste of our theatre was then—it is still—in a pendulum-swing away from the too precise and realistic ideas of the pre-war generation, and *Saint's Day* was the most marked sign seen so far that we had swung past the point of equilibrium. If nobody called a halt, the fashion for obscure writing might well carry us on to a pitch of absurdity as outrageous as those nineteenth-century Gothic extravagances now chiefly remembered because they were satirized by Peacock.

It is to be hoped that a halt has now been called and the reaction checked. After all, the pre-war generation may have been too matter-of-fact, but they were sensible enough to see that in an art necessarily addressed to people in the mass clarity of statement is a positive virtue, whereas obscurity is a mere negation and can have no virtue in itself. They erred in not seeing to what advantage a great dramatist can turn obscurity, by using it to suggest profundities beyond the reach of precise language. Some of the present generation of serious dramatists seem to have persuaded themselves that unless a play is obscure it cannot be profound, and that therefore the obscurer they make it the profounder it becomes. These writers would do well to reflect that the greatest of all obscure plays is *Hamlet*, and that not for a moment in that play's immense length has Shakespeare failed to make clear what is going on. Among the moderns, T. S. Eliot shares Shakespeare's awareness that a dramatist must not be obscure on more than one level at a time; *The Confidential Clerk* is an entertaining comedy even for those who cannot cope with its deeper implications. Christopher Fry, on the other hand, seems not to have the gift of clarity at any level. If only he could tell a story, how much better a play would be *The Dark Is Light Enough.*

(*Mr. Darlington is the dramatic critic of* The Daily Telegraph.)

THE INWARD EYE—VI

By Norman Nicholson

BEFORE venturing to criticize the Third Programme, one must first of all make an act of gratitude: for Shakespeare and Shaw, Chekhov and Eliot; for the experiments of Louis MacNeice and Dylan Thomas; for revivals of eighteenth-century comedies and nineteenth-century farces; for news of Europe; for Bach suites for unaccompanied cello; for Robert Frost's poems in Robert Frost's voice; and for a thousand other delights which, without the Third, we might never have enjoyed. Yet there are times when I am sorry that it was ever thought of. For one thing, because reception of the Third is poor in my part—as in many other parts—of the country, much of what I prefer has to be heard against a background of subdued Finnish, which does not improve even Sibelius. Certain types of programme seem now to be almost exiled to the Third—notably chamber music, or at least the string quartet, which might be called the only true music for radio. Again, the unfortunate three-band zoning of listeners has meant an almost complete lack of programme initiative for the majority of the people, and against this tendency the Third has made little effective protest. It refuses to organize a system of adult education whereby a large public might be prepared for its own programmes. It refuses to co-operate with the other two wave-bands so as to encourage listeners to move from one to the other. It confines itself largely to what might be called 'highbrow' (I am not using the word contemptuously) and ignores—and, therefore, fails to raise the standard of—the lighter departments of entertainment. But above all, it addresses itself to a particular kind of listener, and conducts itself in such a way that any casual caller feels out of place and embarrassed.

Let us for a moment try to picture this particular kind of listener. He lives in Chelsea or Hampstead, or maybe a cottage in the home counties. He is probably a professional man with friends among artists and writers from whom he gets the gossip. He attended a preparatory and a public school, though not necessarily a university. In music he has a sound knowledge of the classical repertoire and is also curious, though not overcurious, about anything new. In literature, on the other hand, he is largely bored by the classics but is most anxious not to seem ignorant of the latest developments in, say, the contemporary European theatre. He reads the *New Statesman*. He never goes to church. He regards the

physical sciences as the sphere of the specialist but is vastly concerned about psychology. He feels it his duty to be tolerant towards the most unorthodox views of sexual morality and suspects that obscenity, or at least license, is usually a sign of literary merit. He is not much interested in people who live in Wolverhampton.

Now the average listener to the Third is not at all like that. To begin with, Wolverhampton is the place where he lives. Or somewhere like Wolverhampton—that is, somewhere outside the orbit of London; somewhere ordinary and provincial; somewhere that looks inward to England rather than outward to Europe. And it is in just such places away from the capital with its theatres, concerts and lectures, that the Third is most urgently needed. The Third, in fact, is in the main a service for the provincial, and it should take care not to attach itself too closely to the interests and enthusiasms of the literary Londoner. It should remember that the *zeitgeist* cannot be deducted from the conversation of metropolitan cocktail parties. Messrs. Jung and Freud may be very annoyed, as in the limerick, but as yet they have had little influence on the conversation of Wolverhampton. This is not to suggest that it should be unadventurous. But, for the average listener, there are more rewarding discoveries to be made among, say, the Elizabethans than among the modern French. Middleton, Massinger and even John Day are as new to-day as Anouilh and Sartre, and are far less likely to be out of date tomorrow.

Moreover, what one might for convenience call the provincial intellectual is almost always passionately interested in his own region and in the traditional culture of that region. He sees landscape, literature and life all closely related one to the other. Unlike his counterpart of the Light Programme, he will never be satisfied with the standardized metropolitan article. Yet it is precisely here that the Third fails him, ignoring the roots of his culture, ignoring the very sap that feeds the imagination of all in these islands outside London. It is preposterous to say that this is primarily a problem of the regional stations—they are too concerned with defending a remnant of listeners from the encroachments of television and the Light. It is a problem for the Third—for the programme which goes out, without regional modification, to all parts of the United Kingdom, for the programme which, above all others, should be truly a national programme. And it will never be truly national until it is ready to be less conscientiously metropolitan.

KILBLAAN

Two views of the same landscape

TRADITIONAL

By the misty, rain-soaked mountains
Where the clans have left their spoors
And the Fiery Cross has rumoured
War across the glens and moors;

Where the black rocks marge the ocean
And the gull's lone, eerie cries
Linger o'er the windswept places
Where the foaming sea-spume flies;

Where the grey mist shrouds the heather
And the sleet drives clean and cold,
Where in dreams we wander spellbound
To the scenes beloved of old;

To the ruins, dark from Sanda,
Where the murdered clansmen fell
And the wailing pibroch sounded
Forth Macdonald's last farewell;

There, O there our lonely hearts are
Though grey seas and cold divide;
Still Kilblaan's far hills are gleaming
Bright in dreams at eventide.

ANALYTICAL

Beyond the last grey wall
Our world of Man's dissolved
And by this flotsam's fall
Sea mysteries are solved.
The gull, the dog-faced seal
Are native here.

The hills

Beneath twin crosses kneel.
The sky swoops down;
and fills
With stench of ancient wrong
The sea-impregnated air.
Here Memory is strong
Where minds, rock-like, are bare.

LUKE PARSONS

POEM FOR WINTER

I

In the closed season, ironbound days
When the clock is silent, the heart ticks cold,
Man chafes at failure, void of praise.
By crystal paw sea's sweeping hair is held,
The sea lies dead, no quick rage can rouse
Earth's old enemy too dumb to rave;
Nothing of green comber, halcyon wave:
Yet in this time of hard salt and frozen tears
Fresh glory stirs beneath those white veneers.
When tilth is warmed by an eider quilt,
While cornstacks shelter the powdered horse
Man fears the image of a hearse,
Shrinks from ashes of evil, his curious guilt,
Raging at talent foolishly spilt;
By snow-smooth roof, by duck-plumed holly
Envies the foraging bird, the long living tree.

II

In her stark season, stonebound hours
Woman half reads, seeing a shadowed garden;
Past curled hyacinths, a bare calligraphy of boughs
Blue through her window: she would slough the burden
A serpent conscience harshly throws
At Life's lust. She knows the grave's not yet;
She heeds more rending voices than regret,
Hearing the loud worm knocking in the tree,
Nebs of spring-irised birds progging for pleasure;
Exults that flames from darkness shall break free
As crafty stars pierce, magicing earth's treasure:

Behind the blue frond the bright flowers
Fountaining gold to greet love-enfolding hours.

III

In this dry day of rock seed-juices run
Through heart, leaf, root, their baffling chosen course;
Soul is man's weather, so soon as blood's begun.
A dog's pink tongue drinks snow melted by sun;
Smudging the white field goes that yellow horse
Crushing blind crystals till they creak;
In woods' dark thickets yaffles lurk
Practising how to laugh their April joke.
Man in known misery of a wintry age
Divides his soul, shunning the fecund earth
His matrix, the mother; spurns in perplexed rage
Her patterned joy; estranged from bliss of birth
Because one round proud swelling breast must pass,
The sentence of the years on flesh and grass.

Punctually flows the solar tide of spring:
Timepiece, the chiffchaff tick-tocks summer;
Grey badger yells, brabbles the bunting;
From August wires will wheeze the yellowhammer.
The nubile waves of Life shall quiver, break,
Etheric cycle driven by a changing moon,
A Druid circle which no hour can shake;
The frore heart breathe to a hotter tune.
Faces of fear miss all a planet's wonder,
Each maculation of this dust clot's splendour.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

THE YOUNG MEREDITH—HIS CRITICS THEN AND LATER

By Henry Baerlein

ONLY in such an age as ours," said W. L. Courtney, a former editor of The Fortnightly "could a novelist like Mr. George Meredith be acceptable, for only in such an age could his peculiar gifts win for themselves recognition, or even tolerance." This was written in 1886, more than 30 years after Meredith had embarked on his literary career. Let us see what the critics had to say of this new writer.

His first hostage to fortune, published in 1851 and simply entitled *Poems*—dedicated "with the profound admiration and affectionate respect of his son-in-law" to Thomas Love Peacock—had attracted attention in exalted quarters. A long review in the *Athenæum* is an exercise in faint praise—"some of the lyrical poems might almost be called beautiful"—and the review ends with the words: "One day he may become a poet"; this after quoting one of the stanzas of a piece that has become so well known:

> Love within the lover's breast
> Burns like Hesper in the west,
> O'er the ashes of the sun,
> Till the day and night are done;
> Then when dawn drives up her car—
> Lo! it is the morning star.

The *Spectator* said that the poems are marked "with frequent felicity of idea or phraseology", while this critic, like his colleague of the *Athenæum*, quotes at some length from "The Death of Winter", which ends with

> O Winter! I'd live that life of thine,
> With a frosty brow and an icicle tongue,
> And never a song my whole life long,
> Were such delicious burial mine.
> To die and be buried, and so remain
> A wandering brook in April's train,
> Fixing my dying eyes for aye
> On the dawning brows of maiden May.

In one copy of *Poems* the publisher inserted a blank page between every printed page, so that on them the author might add others poems or make modifications of existing poems. That is what Meredith did here and there is this unique volume, which he also furnished with an index in his own handwriting, so different from the picturesque script of his old age. On the title page of the little green-bound volume

were inscribed the words: "Presented to Bonaparte Wise by the author." On Mr. Wise's death the book came *via* Messrs. Quaritch into my possession—it is now, I believe, in the United States—and when one day I showed it to Meredith at Boxhill: "I never gave it him", he thundered. "I merely lent it. But anyhow the book was a childish indiscretion."

Meredith's first prose work *The Shaving of Shagpat*, was reviewed by George Eliot in the *Westminster Review*. "The author", she says, "is alive to every element in his models; he reproduces their humour and practical sense as well as their wild imaginativeness." There is a passage in Richard Le Gallienne's *George Meredith: Some Characteristics* where he declares: "The shortest way to the distinguishing excellence of any writer is through his hostile critics; for it is always the quality they most diligently attack. But as that is invariably the newest thing the writer possesses, this is little to be wondered at, for the majority of critics, in all places and times, are men of the last generation before genius, and the new is naturally as puzzling to them as to all of us." We expect something better from George Eliot and we are not disappointed. "No doubt", says she of *The Shaving of Shagpat*, "if a critical lens were to be applied, there would be found indications that the writer was born in Western Europe, and in the nineteenth century, and that his Oriental imagery is got by hearsay; but to people more bent on enjoying what they read than on proving their acumen, *The Shaving of Shagpat* will be the thousand and *second* night which they perhaps longed for in childhood." But you cannot please all the people all the time; and the *Spectator* in a brief review said that this was "a mistaken undertaking . . . it wants rapidity and purpose in its action, and what is of more consequence, the story wants power to carry the reader along." On the other hand, in 1883, when Meredith's novels were reprinted in a new edition, the *Athenæum* said of Shagpat: "The brilliancy of it, the invention, the freshness and gallantry and spirit, are almost bewildering; while for the humour, it rises at a certain point, the shearing of the Identical, to an altitude that is nothing short of heroic."

A very cool reception was given to Shagpat's successor, *Farina, a Legend of Cologne*. "We cannot help regretting", said the *Saturday Review*, "that Mr. Meredith was not content to rest his reputation on *The Shaving of Shagpat*." One does not know what passed through the foolish head of this *Saturday Review*-er at the appearance of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* in which, to mention merely one of its glories, is the superb love scene between Richard and Lucy, "perhaps", said the *Literary World*, "the most matchless in our literature." And George Eliot, again in the *Westminster Review*, speaks out of her wisdom: "*The Shaving of Shagpat* had already shown us that any work of Mr. Meredith's might be expected to abound in poetical images, rich language and facile invention; but the present work rises far above the limited circle of an Arabian tale, and shows its author to be as observant of his

contemporaries as deep read in Oriental fiction. If anyone is attracted by profound observation, humour, passion and tenderness let him procure this book and a quiet day for its enjoyment." This was echoed by the *Illustrated London News*: "The story is one of those the merits of which people are accustomed to describe by the statement that they have read it through without a check." But the *Athenæum* declared that "This is about as painful a book as any reader ever felt himself compelled to read through, in spite of his own protests to the contrary—for read it through he must, for the sole purpose of knowing what comes of it all. The only comfort the reader can find on closing the book is—that it is not true."

"If this is all Mr. Meredith can do", said the *Saturday Review*, "it is a failure." The *Spectator* accused the book of having a "low ethical tune", whereupon Mudie's Library, after buying 300 copies, refused to circulate them among its subscribers. Much the same reception was given, 30 years later, to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, but whereas Tess immediately became a best-seller, Richard Feverel fell dead. Yes, dead for the moment, but, as Siegfried Sassoon remarks in his admirable book on Meredith, immortality was achieved in the matchless chapters which describe how Richard and Lucy shared the rapt experience of youth's first love. Safeguarded from sentimentality by the masterly astringency of Meredith's mind this episode, says he, is an Elysian enchantment.

Thomas Love Peacock had viewed with some apprehension the marriage of his widowed daughter to the man eight years younger than herself whose position in the world of letters had yet to be won. But as Peacock was himself a poet and an intimate friend of Shelley he could surely not forbear to cheer when this marriage inspired the wonderful "Love in the Valley". "In the face of this poem, as nowhere else in Meredith's enchanted woods," says G. M. Trevelyan, "criticism drops its weapons. One can only be thankful that so great an inspiration has been clothed in a form so nearly perfect." Let us quote one stanza:

> Happy, happy time when the white star hovers
> Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
> Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
> Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.
> Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens
> Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells,
> Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;
> Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

"May not these last two lines", asks Trevelyan, "be classed among the great lines of English poetry?"

When Meredith's marriage dissolved in failure it was again the onlookers who had reason to rejoice, for there would otherwise have been no *Modern Love*, that great poem of tragic life. It was reviewed with such lack of understanding in the *Spectator* that in the next week's issue, on June 7, 1862, there appeared a letter from Swinburne: "That I per-

sonally have for the writings, whether verse or prose, of Mr. Meredith a most sincere and deep admiration is no doubt a matter of infinitely small moment. A poet of Mr. Meredith's rank can no more be profited by the advocacy of his admirers than injured by the rash or partial attack of his critics. Praise or blame should be thoughtful, serious, careful when applied to a work of such subtle strength, such depth of delicate power, such passionate and various beauty . . . It seems to me (and in this opinion I know I have weightier judgment than my own to back me) a poem above the aim and beyond the reach of any but its author. Mr. Meredith is one of the three or four poets now alive whose work, perfect or imperfect, is always noble in design, as it is often faultless in result. The present critic falls foul of him for dealing with a deep and painful subject on which he has no conviction to express. The business of verse-writing is hardly to express conviction and if some poetry, not without merit of its kind, has at times dealt in dogmatic morality, it is all the worse and all the weaker for that."

In quoting one of the sonnets Swinburne wrote that " a more perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out ":

> We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
> And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.
> We had not to look back on summer joys,
> Or forward to a summer of bright dye.
> But in the largeness of the evening earth
> Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
> The hour became her husband and my bride.
> Love that had robb'd us so, thus bless'd our dearth.
> The pilgrims of the year wax'd very loud
> In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
> Full brown came from the west, and like pale blood
> Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
> Love that had robb'd us of immortal things,
> This little moment mercifully gave,
> And still I see across the twilight wave
> The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

" Only one man before Meredith has written ", says Swinburne, " lines of such pathos as

> Is my soul beggar'd? Something more than earth
> I cry for still: I cannot be at peace
> In having Love upon a mortal lease."

And the shuddering grimness of the conclusion:

> But as you will. We'll sit contentedly
> And eat our pot of honey on the grave.

There have been people who have objected to this great sequence being called a sonnet sequence. But there was a moment in the history of the sonnet when sonneteers hung indecisive between the form in 16 and that in 14 lines. Of course the choice finally went to the 14-line poem, but as the 16-line poems in *Modern Love* so completely fulfil all the essential conditions of the sonnet as now traditionally formulated, we may accept them as that exception which proves the rule. Swinburne who knew

something about metrical law calls this sequence one of sonnets. It is the poem of closest kin to Shakespeare's. "A Shakespearean sonnet", said Rossetti, " is better than the most perfect in form because Shakespeare wrote it " and be it remembered that Wordsworth, the superb sonneteer, sang the praise of the sonnet in one of the most mongrel form. Rossetti's *House of Life*, by the way, holds us by its oneness, *Modern Love* by its variety. How magnificent are those last lines:

> In tragic hints here see what evermore
> Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
> Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
> To throw that faint thin line upon the shore.

It is interesting to read, after 40 years, in the *Saturday Review* of July 1901, the opinion that *Modern Love* remains " Mr. Meredith's masterpiece in poetry, and it will always remain, beside certain things of Donne and Browning, an astonishing feat in the vivisection of the heart in verse. It is packed with imagination, but with imagination of so nakedly human a kind that there is hardly an ornament, hardly an image, in the verse: it is like scraps of broken, of heart-broken, talk, overheard and jotted down at random, hardly suggesting a story, but burning into one like the touch of a corroding acid. The poem laughs while it cries, with a double-mindedness more constant than that of Heine."

And in our day: "The merit of *Modern Love*", says G. M. Trevelyan, " lies in no small degree in its variety. Psychology, comedy, tragedy, irony, philosophy and beauty follow upon each other's heels in such quick succession that scarcely ever, except by a certain greater master, has a single tune been played upon so many stops. Yet the whole poem is one instrument, an artistic construction of perfect unity . . . Very different from this instrument is the ' penny whistle ' with its ' two stops ', on which he played his Richard and Lucy and his *Love in the Valley* for our delight, to keep alive in the highest literature the simple heart of young love."

Let us see now what was in the *Spectator* that caused Swinburne to write his letter. " Mr. George Meredith ", said that critic, " is a clever man without literary genius, taste or judgment, and apparently aims at that sort of union of point, passion and pictorial audacity which Byron attained in *Don Juan*. There is, however, no kind of harmonious concord between his ideas and his expressions; when he is smart, as he is habitually, the form of versification makes the smartness look still more vulgar, and the jocularity jar far more than it would in prose. On the whole the effect of the book on us is that of clever, meretricious, turbid pictures by a man of some vigour, jaunty manners, quick observation and some pictorial skill, who likes writing about naked human passions and does not bring either original imaginative power or true sentiment to the task." The course Meredith took with his critics was the only one open to him. Their utterances were so contradictory that had he attempted to listen to any he would have run tilt against the rest. A total disregard

of critics, then, was his only refuge.

It is not surprising that a writer of such originality, one so determined to go his own way, should throughout his career have been very ardently criticized, favourably and unfavourably, by other writers, many of them not professional critics. Referring to the sonnet we have quoted, No. 47 in the *Modern Love* sequence, J. B. Priestley in his interesting book on Meredith says that the range of the man who wrote this one poem is clearly beyond that of all but the three or four greatest poets of our literature. Milton, he reminds us, once said that poetry is simple, sensuous and passionate, a description that was applauded on more than one occasion by Coleridge. Now a great deal of Meredith's verse is neither simple nor sensuous nor passionate, but, says J. B. Priestley, of his literary genius and the breadth and fullness of that genius there can be no question.

Comparisons are not always odious, as when Barrie declared that Meredith is the greatest wit this country has produced; " Sheridan ", he said, " is not visible beside him and Pope has only the advantage of polish." He observed: " It is the law of the land that novels should be an easy gallop, but Mr. Meredith's readers have to pant up hill. The majority read novels not to think, but to keep themselves from thinking."

Meredith's style has been alike the wonder and horror of many. Speaking of *Richard Feverel* the *Westminster Review* records: " It is somewhat in the style of Sterne; a good deal more in the style of one who, acknowledging himself a follower of Sterne, had a warmer heart, a purer soul, and a richer, quainter fancy than the British sentimentalist; we mean Jean Paul Richter, with a considerable dash of Carlylese phraseology." The *New Quarterly Magazine* in 1880 called Meredith's style a cross between those of Carlyle and Browning " if such a compound be imaginable." The description of Carlyle's style in the second chapter of *Beauchamp's Career* has been more than once referred to as characteristic of Meredith's own. By the way Mrs. Carlyle is said to have tried to read *Richard Feverel* several times, apparently with success at last, for Carlyle is reported to have said of the author—after his wife had read it to him—" this man's no fule." R. L. S. was of opinion that the final interview in the book is " the strongest scene, since Shakespeare, in the English tongue."

Another Scot, Neil Munro, quoted the description of young Feverel, come to the age of puberty and wandering " about the gates of the Bonnet, wondering, sighing, knocking at them, and getting neither admittance nor answer." The critic continues: " It is a little thing, this Bonnet, with its incongrous gates, but it contains Mr. Meredith's Bee, a style dandiacal and antic, so that it is his fate to remain unknown to the great body of his fellow-countrymen. Yet he remains the most brilliant and ingenious novelist of his age."

Now, having surveyed a number of critics dealing with Meredith's

early work, let us see what he himself had to say concerning critics, while we remember that as far back as 1864 the *Westminster Review* declared that " no man we know of has more resolutely gone into literature with a total disregard of popularity." He was nothing if not broadminded—"Critics", he wrote, "are human and exceedingly beyond the common lot when touched; and they are excited by my mysterious hints of loveliness, whispers of a general anticipation, and also editors can jog them." This confession would seem to add weight to what he wrote in *Rhoda Fleming*: " The office of critic is now, in fact, virtually extinct; the taste for tickling and stripping is universal and imperative." In his *Diana of the Crossways* we find that the great editor, Mr. Marcus Tonans, is one of those " human " critics.

As a summing-up, after the very divergent critics have had their say, we may quote what Mr. J. McLaren Cobban wrote in the *Scots Observer* in 1889: " It will be granted by all," said he, " that in a writer who so excites enthusiasm on the one hand and repudiation on the other, there must be something rare and vigorous, something of the qualities that make the leader of men; and it will further be admitted as a resplendent distinction that among the crowd of persons of taste and understanding who agree to crown Meredith a royal writer, his most resolute partisans are those of his own household—journalists, poets and novelists, students of the art of fiction and practitioners of the noble English tongue."

It was well said, after the death of Walt Whitman, that Meredith was the only living optimist in authority whose faith carried any conviction. It was an optimism which had long since absorbed all that modern pessimism could devise. " Who can really think and not think hopefully?" asked Meredith in the person of Diana Warwick.

We may hope that posterity, which on account of one sonnet—" Ozymandias of Egypt "—declares that Shelley is among the great sonneteers, will, after all the various critics have had their say, point to the magnificent " Lucifer in Starlight " by Meredith:

> On a starr'd night Prince Lucifer uprose.
> Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
> Above the rolling ball in cloud part screen'd,
> Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
> Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
> And now upon his western wing he lean'd,
> Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careen'd
> Now the black planet shadow'd Arctic snows.
> Soaring through wider zones that prick'd his scars
> With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
> He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
> Which are the brain of heaven, he look'd, and sank.
> Around the ancient track march'd, rank on rank,
> The army of unalterable law.

Does not the reader after such a sonnet say with Keats: " Much have I travelled in the realms of gold "?

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

LLOYD GEORGE

By H. G. Nicholas

In the last ten years there have been five biographies of Lloyd George. Mr. Frank Owen's now makes the sixth. The omens were promising for it to be that 'definitive' life which all of its predecessors, for various reasons, failed to be. Mr. Owen, a Welshman, a Lloyd George Liberal, a brilliant journalist with a wide experience of public life, had high qualification for his task. He also had generous facilities, in particular free access to the Lloyd George papers which are now in Lord Beaverbrook's possession. At last, it seemed, we should have a life based on the documents and at the same time infused with a natural sympathy for the subject and a penetrating understanding of the period. Unfortunately *Tempestuous Journey* is not such a book. It is merely a sixth life of Lloyd George, in some respects better, in some respects worse than its predecessors.

No doubt there are many reasons for this. But two stand out above the rest. In the first place this life is not written from the documents. For the pre-1914 period it closely parallels the account already given in Mr. Malcolm Thomson's "official biography". For the war years it relies mainly on the account already given in Lloyd George's own *Memoirs*. For the inter-war years it does indeed draw on a limited amount of new material, but its framework is still the conventional one and the documents quoted are still surprisingly few. Secondly, Mr. Owen has not seriously formulated many of the questions which any biographer of Lloyd George must ask, leave alone providing the answers. What exactly did Lloyd George intend by his coalition manoeuvres in 1910? What really happened at the celebrated 'doping seánce' with the Labour leaders in 1916? Why was the Maurice debate treated as a Liberal touchstone? What were the pros and cons of the Khaki election of 1919? These are crucial questions on which hinge not only one's assessment of Lloyd George but also one's reading of the whole course of Liberalism's decline from the heights of 1910 to the depths of the 1920's. What happens afterwards has its own interest but is only an appendage to the main story. It is this decade and what Lloyd George does in it—or what it does to him—that determine his subsequent fate as a politician and the fate of his party. It cannot be said that Mr. Owen's account of these years comes as near to plucking the heart out of this mystery as earlier lives—notably that of Dr. Thomas Jones—have done.

The truth is that Mr. Owen has not conceived of his job in historical terms at all. His pages are unsullied by reference or footnote. Even when he refers to a printed source he is careful not to worry the reader by giving him a page reference. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he prefers not to give him the source. What Mr. Owen is providing is not, despite his sub-title, a life and times. He is telling a human-interest story, and, no doubt, it is by his success in this endeavour that he would wish to be judged. So viewed, *Tempestuous Journey* has one supreme virtue; it is readable. The story spanks along, the short Fleet Street paragraphs spit it out like a quick firing gun, the *dramatis personae* are sharply and recognizably drawn, the sub-plots are deftly woven into the main narrative. No effects are missed.

This is not to say that the book is only of interest to the casual reader.

* *Tempestuous Journey: Lloyd George, His Life and Times*, by Frank Owen. Hutchinson. 25s.

Though it is longer than Tom Jones' life, without being as revealing, its length does enable it to include certain material and reveal certain episodes which are not to be found elsewhere. The 'novelties' in this biography are far fewer than might be expected. None the less a few do exist, and some are graphic and revealing indeed—for example, the notes exchanged in Cabinet on the eve of war in August 1914, or the extracts from Lloyd George's letters from Genoa to his personal secretary, Miss Stevenson. One or two revered figures emerge from such revelations in a novel light—such as General Smuts, caught in the act of volunteering to command the United States forces on the Western Front in 1918.

At the same time, Mr. Owen has most creditably steered a course midway between muck-raking and idolization. It is doubtful whether with all his gifts of characterization he has really left Lloyd George any more comprehensible than he found him. But he has contrived, when he has a mind to deal at length with a topic, to treat it frankly and fairly. The Honours scandal, the Party Fund, the finances of the War Memoirs—these are handled more satisfactorily here than anywhere else in Lloyd George literature. It would have been easy to let frankness slip over into scandal-mongering, or to pad the sharp corners of the story with sophistical extenuation. Mr. Owen has done neither, and what he has to say on these topics must henceforth be the starting point for any further assessment of them. No doubt what he says here will not command universal assent, but it comes closer to grips with the elusive truth than any previous account.

WORLD POPULATION AND WORLD FOOD SUPPLIES, by Sir E. John Russell. *George Allen & Unwin.* 50*s.*

During recent years considerable attention has been focused on the increase of the world's population particularly in the East and on the allied problem of the adequacy, present and future, of food supplies. The League of Nations Statistical Branch and the Food and Agriculture Organization have collected data on population and food production throughout the world. In 1950 the world population was estimated to be 2407 millions increasing annually by 30 millions. It is, however, important to emphasize that in all figures for population and food production there is a considerable element of estimation, even of guesswork. Furthermore, in the emerging discussions in governments, the press and elsewhere the statistics are often interpreted to accord with emotional, religious, ethical, political and economic bias.

These problems, by no means new, have presently excited world-wide attention and so any contribution which seriously endeavours to assemble and summarize the facts objectively is welcome. This is the main purpose of Sir John Russell's book. He is a distinguished scientist in the field of soil chemistry and food production. His studies have taken him into most of the important agricultural countries of the world and in the preparation of this book in which he records his observations and conclusions he has had the help and criticism of experts in the various countries.

The opening chapter presents The Problem: Feeding the World's Population. Succeeding chapters describe the existing situation in the various countries, singly and in groups. The text is supplemented throughout by tables and graphs and the sources of data are fully cited. Self-sufficing countries, which make no important contribution or demands on the world market, have been omitted. Unfortunately this group includes the U.S.S.R. and satellite countries because the author was not satisfied with the information available. Among the most interesting chapters are those on the United Kingdom and Eire, Africa, India and Pakistan and the South American countries. It is emphasized that no country in the world is so dependent on outside sources for its food

supplies as is Great Britain.

Summing up, Sir John views the future with tempered optimism. As in previous similar supposed crises scientists may revolutionize food production; the sea is so far a vast uncultivated potential source of supplies. The conclusion is that:

> Each country must work out its own salvation, either by itself or in co-operation with others. I see no prospect whatsoever of running the world as a super Welfare State; our own experience is showing how very costly it is and how liable to induce parasitism. The solution lies in co-operation between the more advanced countries but co-operation that is mutually advantageous and not hampered by restrictive conditions. Finally, a sound population policy must be adopted to ensure that the numbers do not outstrip the food resources.

Ay, there's the rub—how to achieve this consummation. On such subjects there will always be argument and controversy. This book, however, presents the facts so far as these can be obtained and checked and merits the close study of all who are concerned about these vital problems of mankind.

A. MEIKLEJOHN

ROYAL AIR FORCE 1939-1945, Volume III: The Fight is Won, by Hilary St. G. Saunders. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

This final volume of the interim History of the Royal Air Force in the 1939-1945 war recounts the story of the ever more heavy blows dealt against the crumbling power of the Reich and the part which the R.A.F. played in the defeat of Germany's Japanese ally, who, having overrun South East Asia by a series of lightning strokes against inadequate and ill-provisioned defences, possessed neither the strength nor the leadership to withstand forces led with imagination and supported by air power.

In the record of the application of massive air action against Germany, three points stand out. First, the heavy price which the defence was able to exact against concentrated bomber action and the tough endurance of the German populace. Secondly, the speed with with which the enemy was able to resume production in industries which had suffered under a very heavy weight of high explosive. Thirdly, the effectiveness of air action against U-Boats and surface craft at sea

The decision to attack transportation centres and bottlenecks as a preliminary to the invasion of Europe and in opposition to the views of the advocates of attacks on oil supplies and industrial areas was triumphantly vindicated by the comparative lightness of the opposition encountered by our troops and the post-war accounts by German commanders of the chaos which existed behind the Fronts.

The story of the attacks on this country by the "secret weapons", V1 and V2, brings sharply to mind the question of what would have happened had the Allies not had warning of what was being prepared and taken prompt action against launching sites and fuel factories, thus imposing delays on the open- of the attack, additional to those due to over-optimism and inefficiency in Germany. "Overlord" would indeed have been a hazardous enterprise in face of concentrated rocket and flying-bomb attack.

In a final chapter entitled "The Balance Sheet", there is set out an acute analysis of the contribution of air power to the victory against Germany and Japan. Air supremacy was the first essential preliminary to victory on land and sea. Its achievement was not an affair only of numbers, but depended also on training, the right use of the forces available and material ascendancy, both in aircraft and technical aids of every sort, in the air and on the ground.

The Royal Air Force was fortunate in possessing in the second war two leaders, Portal and Tedder, who, each in his own sphere, had the qualities essential to victory, the one clear-sighted, tenacious and imperturbable in good or evil fortune, the other subtle and flexible, with an unerring gift for choosing the correct course of action to suit a given circumstance.

Of the aircrews, a quarter of a mil-

lion of them from first to last, the authors have this final word to say: "Without the advantage of a long tradition behind them, the pilots and crews behaved as though their forerunners had flown over Wellington's army or Nelson's fleet and showed themselves to be the latest manifestation of their country's immortal spirit." A gracious and well-merited tribute with which to conclude this valuable survey of the years in which the R.A.F. came to maturity.

DOUGLAS COLYER

THE SCOURGE OF THE SWASTIKA, by Lord Russell of Liverpool. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

Lord Russell of Liverpool, who from 1946 to 1951 was legal adviser to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army of the Rhine in respect of trials by British Military Courts of German war criminals, has attempted to present in 260 pages a summary of all German war crimes committed during the 1939-1945 war. According to Sir Hartley Shawcross's estimate, 12 million people, almost half of them Jews, were done to death. It was "murder conducted like some mass production industry." Three million were killed at Oswiecim (Auschwitz) camp alone. Lord Russell devotes 12 pages of his book to this "camp of death" and adds: "But it is only half the story. Were everything to be written it would not be read. If read, it would not be believed."

This necessity to compress and to produce a readable record of German war crimes compelled Lord Russell to write his book. The publishers describe it as "a formidable indictment of German barbarity" but the author does not formulate a doctrine of collective guilt. He says that the German war crimes "were part and parcel of the Nazi conception of total war" and adds that "the German people did not all yield easily, or willingly accept the Nazi doctrine and programme." The opposition at home, too, was eliminated "only by fear, torture, starvation and death." All his facts are correct but it is to be regretted that a book on a subject of such magnitude and of such explosive consequence is written in a style dear to certain popular newspapers.

Lord Russell presents a nauseating picture but does not draw any conclusions from it. His book, after all, appears in 1954, at a time when all thoughtful people of the west agree, without enthusiasm but categorically, that the rearment of western Germany and its integration with the free world is an inescapable necessity. Nazi war crimes were horrible: they should neither be forgotten nor excused; but the "scourge of the swastika" is not the only one in this modern age. The scourge of the hammer and sickle is equally monstrous and Stalin certainly murdered a greater number of innocent people since he was able to do so for a much longer period. Although Stalin died Soviet totalitarianism, which has already forcibly absorbed nine historic nations in Europe and holds parts of two others in its grip, is only waiting for a propitious occasion to swallow more. Only unity and strength can save the western world and neither are possible without a contribution from western Germany. Whatever the number of its divisions, western Germany would not be able to start and conduct a war. But the west with German divisions would represent such strength that the risks for a potential aggressor would be the greatest possible.

Some people refuse to see the facts as they are and in order to avoid or postpone the necessary effort and sacrifices believe or pretend to believe that Soviet totalitarianism is a "peace-loving" force while the rearmament of western Germany is warmongering. Such people are using Lord Russell's book to bolster their views. This misuse could have been avoided if the book had been prepared with greater care and more scholarship. K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI

EDUCATION AND THE MODERN MIND, by W. R. Niblett. *Faber & Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Niblett has written a first-rate book; let there be no doubt about

that. Like Matthew Arnold in the nineteenth century and Sir Richard Livingstone a decade ago he has examined English life and education not merely to criticize the means but to rediscover the ends. Any intelligent reader will find his mind and enthusiasms stimulated by this short but provocative book.

What are we to do to-day so that we can live with more depth, and be less escapist? How can we save ourselves from a permanent attitude of critical detachment, or from too readily accepting the findings of some sociologists? And have we fully realized the dangers of schools where love of music, literaature and art are replaced by training in the ability to write answers about them, or of homes "where one can be found out, or found guilty, or even commit a crime, but in which it is not possible to sin"? The answers to these questions are to be found in an education which has a religious quality in it, in training which has zest and enthusiasm for its ends, and in life lived with passionate devotion to great causes and with emotions roused by truth and beauty and goodness.

Mere intellectual assent to truth or analytic examination of great works of art is insufficient; nor can we be satisfied by a mere quest for prosperity and 'happiness'. The problem "is to get people to want things enough"; and the solution is found in faith and in humility before the mystery and wonder of existence. "To be godlike is to be most warmly involved, and not be most coldly detached." We are, after all, made in the image of God.

There are interesting sections on discipline and freedom, the release of leadership, inheriting traditions, and on the inadequacy of the sociological approach to the understanding of life. The quotations are from such moderns as Dylan Thomas, Edwin Muir, T. S. Eliot, Whitehead, Margaret Mead, as well as the classics Plato, Shakespeare, Treherne and Wordsworth.

The book is full of ideas about which one would like to argue with the author. Take for example sentences such as:

> Caring for something, and caring a great deal, and having a desire that others should care too—these are essentials to a life well lived.
>
> The first thing about religious education is not that doctrines should be taught but that worship should be made possible.
>
> Christianity is a series of beliefs *in*, not a series of beliefs *that*.
>
> Dull writing is bad writing: the first of crimes is dullness.

So here is a plea for a sense of true values in modern life, values based on good traditions, and accepting the importance of science and accuracy and hard facts, but also firmly holding to the truth that we do not live by bread only. The Word is most surely found in our stirred emotions, in imaginative sympathy, in our 'sense of belonging', and in worship.

T. B. SHEPHERD

THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF JESUS, by Vincent Taylor. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A PERSONAL JESUS, by Upton Sinclair. *George Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE RECOVERY OF THE BIBLE, by William Neil. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It has frequently been bruited abroad that, if regard be had to the results of modern New Testament scholarship, it is impossible to give even the barest outline of the ministry of Jesus Christ, so riddled with theological interpretation are the records of the Gospels. Dr. Vincent Taylor's book is, therefore, something of a portent, for no New Testament scholar knows more than he the grounds on which that statement is made or has assessed them with greater shrewdness. The publication of this volume means that the trend of recent thinking is being reversed, and that, underneath all the theological accretions of the Gospels, there can be discerned a genuine historical pattern of events. We are able, he declares, to discern a prologue to the ministry itself, to perceive the main outlines of the Galilean ministry, a subsequent withdrawal from Galilee and a final ministry in Jerusalem culminating in the Crucifixion and

Resurrection.

The main theme of the ministry all through was the imminence, nay, the very presence of the Kingdom of God in Jesus Himself, and the reality of the preaching was warranted by the visible overthrow of the powers of evil in the miracles of healing, and this implied that He believed Himself to be the Messiah, yet not the Messiah of popular Jewish hopes. The Galilean ministry reached its climax in the mission of the Twelve Apostles who were sent out to declare that the time of the Kingdom had come. They returned, and the Kingdom had not come, and it was the failure of this mission which made Jesus leave Galilee and begin to interpret His mission on terms of suffering and the Cross. The final return to Jerusalem was, therefore, deliberate and planned and Jesus knew that the end of the road would be a Cross, vindicated by the Resurrection.

Such an outline bears all the marks of verisimilitude and Dr. Taylor, whose unadorned style yet carries with it undertones of deep and moving conviction, arrives at those conclusions by way of a scholarship as quick to discern what is not integral to the Gospel story as to appreciate what is indispensable. What Dr. Taylor has drawn is very much of a skeleton, but a skeleton which controls a real bloodstream and has genuine articulation and coherence.

Mr. Upton Sinclair's essay in the same field is a very different affair. He has indeed given us a coherent portrait of Christ, but one suspects that it is largely an artefact of his own mind, and one puts the book down with the feeling that the teacher of only a lofty ethic whom he portrays could not possibly have originated the great movement which He did. The cold truth is that it is impossible not to suspect both Mr. Sinclair's scholarship and his judgment. To declare that there is only little eschatology in St. Paul, that the document "Q" is an early edition of St. Mark, that no Jew could possibly have thought of Jesus as God, is to run counter to the plain facts of history and scholarship and his wholesale reliance on Dr. R. Eisler's reconstruction of the early life of Jesus adds still further to our doubts as to the historicity or verisimilitude of Mr. Sinclair's portrait. It will probably be credible only to a relatively few late Victorians.

Dr. Neil's book on the Bible will surely receive the widest of welcomes, and it fully merits such reception. It is far and away the best book about the meaning of the Bible as a whole that we have, and its great service is that the author not only makes plain to us the unity of the Bible but invests that theme with both moral and spiritual grandeur. Dr. Neil uses his first 100 pages to give us what is largely an evaluation of the achievements of the Liberal school of critics of the last generation and his tribute to the pioneer work of these scholars, though it makes unfamiliar reading now-a-days, has long been overdue. Yet, while he has a keen appreciation of their work, he is also alive to their limitations. They cut the pieces of the jig-saw puzzle, but never put them together again to give us a total picture. He evaluates the contribution of the archaeologists with a notable judiciousness, and then devotes the rest of his book to describing the emergent picture when scholarship and archaeology have made their contribution.

Put briefly, so briefly indeed that it almost inevitably does injustice to the fullness of Dr. Neil's own discussion, he finds that running throughout the Bible there is the one theme of a covenanting God and a covenanted community appointed to be the instrument and embodiment of God's will to redeem the world. The chapters in which Dr. Neil tells especially the story of Israel have the quality of true drama, and his picture of the development of the theme in the New Testament is equally able and moving. All who really wish to know what the Bible is all about, will emphatically find that this is *the* book to read, for its knowledge, its insight, and for its remarkable power to make a dark matter plain.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT

WORDSWORTH: A Re-Interpretation, by F. W. Bateson. *Longmans, Green.* 21*s.*

JOHN DONNE, by K. W. Gransden. *Longmans, Green.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The paradox that must always perplex readers of Wordsworth is the striking co-existence in his work, more than in that of any other major poet, of sublimity with bathos. J. K. Stephen was speaking for the whole 'Arnoldian' school of critics when he described the poet's "two Voices": one "of the deep . . . the storm-cloud's thundrous melody", the other

> of an old half-witted sheep
> Which bleats articulate monotony.

Mr. Bateson, however, denies this nineteenth-century view that the two elements are contradictory. He sets out to show that they are, in fact, complementary; and that the difference between them is not in reality that between bad and good, but between Augustan and Romantic. On the one hand there is—as in such an early poem as "Goody Blake and Harry Gill"—the objective eighteenth-century manner, with its egalitarian sense of social responsibility and documented with prosily realistic and often crude details; on the other, the subjective nature-mysticism—apparently spontaneous poetry of direct inspiration like "She dwelt among the untrodden ways". The best of Wordsworth's poetry, Mr. Bateson concludes from his scrutiny of the two styles, is that which fuses them "in a new inclusive whole"—a fusion achieved in much of "The Prelude", in the Lucy series, in "Michael" and in "Resolution and Independence".

Though not original, this case is lucidly and cogently argued. Many readers will, however, feel considerably less happy about Mr. Bateson's subsequent treatment of the "subjective" poems—mainly as psychological data for the alleged illumination of the "emotional recesses of Wordsworth's mind . . . the dark corners that were only partly explored even in 'The Prelude'." Almost invariably the deduction drawn from these meticulous clinical dissections—which include anything from the episode of the stolen boat in Book I of "The Prelude" to the "concealed autobiography" of "The Borderers"—is of the poet's engulfing sense of guilt and his need to escape from it. Of the "Immortality Ode", for example, Mr. Bateson sternly observes that "the prescription to become again as a little child seems hardly adequate. Social irresponsibility cannot heal the guilt-complex brought on by social failure." "Tintern Abbey" is similarly reduced to little more than a piece of unconvincing self-consolation, through the contemplation of picturesque scenery, "for the failure of [Wordsworth's] human contacts"; although it also provides Mr. Bateson with evidence that the poet is "already half in love with Dorothy."

This is a main point of this critic's "re-interpretation" to which he repeatedly returns. To him the Lucy poems represent Wordsworth's sublimation of his unnatural desire for his sister; and the death of Lucy, his subconscious, symbolic solution to the dangerous and "guilty possibilities" which, we are told, drove Wordsworth to the "desperate remedy" of marriage to Mary Hutchinson. This might all be interesting enough—although possibly irrelevant as criticism—if any new facts had emerged, or if sound evidence could be produced to support such conclusions. As it is, Mr. Bateson seems content to consider his personal conjectures sufficiently acceptable to be presented with the certainty of proven facts; and is indefatigable in transforming the smallest details of what might have appeared, to the unenlightened, as disinterested mutual devotion, into further proof of a perverse infatuation. Such a method is at the least—to use a favourite word of Mr. Bateson's own—uncritical.

It is something of a relief, turning to K. W. Gransden's excellent study of Donne in the "Men and Books" series, to find him asserting firmly that Donne's *Songs and Sonets* should be "read as poems . . . not as clues to biography."

After an introductory biographical chapter, Mr. Gransden devotes the greater part of his book to Donne's total achievement as poet, secular and divine, and as a theologian whose grave, resounding cadences place him, at his best, in the front rank of great English writers of religious prose. The restlessness of that transitional age, the subtle interfusion in Donne of both old and new elements, and his relation to his literary and philosophical antecedents, are summed up with clarity and insight; as well as the nature of this passionate intellectual's appeal for us in a time no less disenchanted and drawn towards the "fascination of what's difficult." As a "companion to Donne and not a reassessment of him" this book, sensible, sympathetic and often illuminating, admirably fulfils its purpose.

MARGARET WILLY

TYROLEAN JOURNAL, by C. Henry Warren. *Robert Hale.* 16*s.*

Mountain books tend to fall into two categories. The first describes the world of the summer climber, armed with ice-axe and rope. The second portrays the bright world of the winter skier, as he travels among the silent, snow-clad hills. Two Englishmen in particular have interpreted these vastly different Alpine seasons to their fellow-countrymen—Sir Arnold Lunn and the late Mr. F. S. Smythe. Most of us, however, who have travelled in their pages, or have ourselves known the delights of high summer and of mid-winter in the Alps, have sometimes been troubled by this question. What are these hills and valleys like in the long months which separate their two enchanting seasons? Are they peaceful and serene, or are they dreary and forlorn? Are they the homes of quiet contentment, or are they troughs of murkiness and mist?

Mr. Warren, whose sensitive books about the English countryside have qualified him to assess the fields and farmers of another land, has now answered this question. He has kept a faithful diary of life in a Tyrolean village from his arrival in September 1952 until his departure in July of the following year. The village which he chose lay at an altitude of three thousand feet; it was neither fashionable nor rich, and the steep slopes of the mountains which enfolded its rough dwellings provide hard-won pasture, scanty crops and little else. For five months the whole valley lay under snow, and at their conclusion the author was conscious of an emotion which even a few weeks joyful ski-ing can induce in the holiday-maker—a craving to see green grass once more, and to be released from the blinding glitter. The gay festival with which peasants relieve the winter months can hardly dispel the monotony of an existence so narrowly enclosed.

Mr. Warren's diary-method has certain disadvantages. It is apt to give as much space to dull routine as to more spectacular days; but perhaps that is a salutary fault in describing a region which has been almost done to death with vivid accounts of yodelling, feathers in the hat, quaint costumes and painted houses. Some passages of this book are as evocative as they are charming in themselves, notably those which recall memories of mountain flowers, from the crocus and anemone which bloom under the melting snow to the gentian and the rusty *Alpenrose* which clothe the bare turf of the higher slopes. Another interesting feature is the comparison between a Tyrolean seven-months-of-the-year farmer and his British counterpart, who must perforce grapple with his fields in each of the twelve months. The writer wonders what were the thoughts of an Austrian war-prisoner as he stood among icy sugar-beet crops in East Anglia, remembering winters in the high Tyrol, when the blanket of snow inevitably compelled him to lie on the stove-bench and sleep. Whatever he may have thought in these years, the Tyrolese people are traditionally friendly to the British, who should enjoy a book which throws a revealing light upon a land where they have always found a welcome. RUPERT MARTIN

PROSPECT OF CANADA, by Ernest Watkins. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

No European is ever quite the same after discovering Canada. Mr. Watkins writes with the sparkle of snow on his shoulders and must be allowed an occasional flight of fancy. He suggests the use of atomic power to heat the waters of Hudson Bay, an admirable, if challenging, project. His "prospect" is original and entertaining—the arrival by air holds the authentic thrill—but when he digresses into retrospect he sometimes misses his way.

He brings the training of an economist to an analysis of the foundations of Canadian prosperity. He defends Canada's refusal to follow Britain in subsidizing housing built for letting, pointing out that the strongest motive for saving is left unimpaired, with the result that Canadians provide, through their bank accounts, life policies and mortgages, a proportion of the capital needed for the country's expansion.

His judgments on Canadian politics are culled from familiar sources and are often open to question. Following the technique of Mr. Bruce Hutchison (to whose name he adds a surplus 'n'), he does a sort of descriptive permutation on Mackenzie King's character. Alas, as with so many permutations, it contains no all-correct line!

The late Prime Minister, we are told, "was not a great statesman but he was a most astute politician. He was a fortunate egoist . . ." Surely the relationship of the British Commonwealth nations—a free but strong association, dominated by none, flexible enough to meet the realities of the post-war world—is due, in no small degree, to the statesmanship of Mackenzie King. Within Canada itself, Mr. King was largely responsible for developing a working partnership of two races, built on the mutual recognition of each other's values, that stands to-day as an example of what can be accomplished in reconciliation.

"He lacked all consideration for his staff" according to Mr. Watkins; "he had no close friends even among his colleagues . . ." It sounds pretty grim. A more cheerful picture was recently given by Dr. James A. Gibson, who served the premier for nine years:

> A Saturday afternoon's work might begin at 2.30 (with the correspondence). Sometimes Mr. King would direct a particular individual to write: "You know so-and-so, write him a nice letter that will ease his mind"; or "You're a sort of professor, write him and explain that I can't do this." One day, despairing of any masculine hand achieving the right touch, he called in the duty stenographer and said: "Miss C., you have a nice touch about these things, write me a little letter to this happy couple."
>
> However serious the business, it was impossible not to be amused by the bristling figure across the table, stubby pencil between his teeth, glasses near the tip of his nose, jacket cast off, waistcoat unbuttoned, sometimes minus collar and tie as well. At half-past four there would be tea in fine china cups . . .

LESLIE BISHOP

HOW DEAR IS LIFE, by Henry Williamson. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ATLANTIS, by John Cowper Powys. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

THE FLINT ANCHOR, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The language of novel-reviewing, like that of commerce and necromancy, has its own conventions and special meanings. There are certain recognized civilities, such as telling an author he is accomplished when what one means is that his work is uninspired. And with the best of intentions a reviewer can seldom escape the use of different standards in his judgments; not only between the living and the illustrious dead, but between the living and the living. Words used in one context have to be given a deflated value before they will serve elsewhere.

All this is by way of preface to the remark that each of the three novelists under review is an expert; and that the word is to be taken as meaning no more and no less than it commonly does. Here all have set their narratives in times already consigned to history. If one begins with Mr. Williamson, it is because of the three he is the easiest to

read; he puts himself out to be agreeable company. With him the sense of the past is perhaps too cheaply created; but the sense is there, nevertheless, and the young Philip Maddison of 40 years ago is a pleasing and credible figure. Conveniently enough, he has an aunt in the Suffragettes and a father who reads the newspapers aloud. For quite half of the book Mr. Williamson is too engrossed in these incidentals, but his style vastly improves with the advent of war and the translation of his hero to the trenches. There can be few people now, even among those who have never fought one, who suppose that battles appear to the soldier as they do to the war historian; and Mr. Williamson's account of the fortunes of Maddison is aimed at underlining the disparity. Ypres, and what it meant to be there, will possibly never be more vividly described than it is in these pages.

Keeping company with Mr. Powys is a different and altogether more disconcerting experience. It resembles nothing so much as a marathon country walk in the presence of a learned and volatile old gentleman. The young man—and he is made to feel younger than his years—begins by feeling uneasy for his culture, and ends by fervently echoing the verdict of his friends. "Of course, he's quite brilliant!" they will have said. Of course, but... The reader may acknowledge his own want of stamina, but it is not precisely that Mr. Powys rambles; it would be fairer to say that he is passionately concerned with particularity. That this is an aspect of his view of life does not, however, ease the case of the dissenting reader. In a recent novel, *The Inmates*, the author charted the vagaries of lunacy; and the present volume is written as a sequel to the adventures of Odysseus. But for all the difference in time and the *dramatis personae*, the two are equally, and primarily, projections of Mr. Powys' cast of mind. This should be sufficient guidance to those who consider him our greatest living author, and to those who do not.

Lastly *The Flint Anchor*, of which let it be said at once that of these three novels it is the one that gave this reviewer the greatest pleasure. Family chronicles of this kind are all too often sentimental: the products, one imagines, of evenings spent damp-eyed over faded snapshot albums. Miss Warner is in contrast nothing if not an intractable realist. Her central character, John Barnard, is a righteous man: too righteous by half for the comfort of his family and for that of those who serve him. At the heart of all his actions is an inordinate love for one daughter, and it takes him a lifetime to understand that it has indeed been inordinate. It is perhaps a defect of this novel that the crises of John Barnard's life are never made truly critical; at such moments one longs for an enlargement of the scene by the dialogue to which Miss Warner seldom resorts. But in the main this is an excellent and entertaining novel.

JOHN EALES

ALL THE CONFERENCES ARE FAILURES. THIS IS INEVITABLE FOR HOLY SCRIPTURE DECLARES THEIR FUTILITY IN THESE WORDS:—

"Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces;"

"Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand;"

"LET GOD BE YOUR FEAR, AND LET GOD BE YOUR DREAD." (Isaiah viii.)

"And it shall come to pass, that WHOSOEVER shall CALL on the name of the LORD shall be delivered." (Joel ii. 32)

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Just a year ago A. C. Ward's Chaucer to Shakespeare survey was warmly welcomed in these end pages. No less cordially commended is Volume II of this ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: Ben Jonson to Samuel Johnson (*Longmans, Green.* 25*s.*), with the pictures again most judiciously collected and disposed by Elizabeth Williams. The same scholarship lightly worn, and the enjoyment frankly offered, attend the triumphant handling of a period "in which authorship became an established profession, though the gifted amateur writer did not disappear." Thus the consideration of giants is not interrupted, only complemented, by the exceptional number of "compulsive midgets" who must not be overlooked; the Milton chapter (intensified by one reader's day-before inspection of the manuscripts in the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles) for example being no more carefully prepared than that on "Gray, Smart, and others: Lesser Verse and Prose." With the section on book selling and news distribution we are fairly upon the eighteenth century, and such themes to yearn to as the pursuit of urbanity, the novel in maturity, and 'The Literary Club'.

An age of reason

Made avid, we turn to THE AUGUSTAN WORLD by A. R. Humphreys (*Methuen.* 16*s.*), as rewarding a choice as it is congruous. Social and religious life, the world of business, public affairs, philosophy moral and natural, and the visual arts have their important place in a book which is subtitled Life and Letters in Eighteenth-Century England. The author's discussion of this indissoluble partnership concludes with an opinion scarcely to be denied: that here was a "confident civilization which the twentieth century in many ways envies and admires"; its hallmarks being "the symmetry of buildings, the careful composition of portraits, the discipline of the couplet, of prose rhythms, of the ordered patterns of Georgian music."

Poet-playwright

Yet if you can bear the present stage,
We hope much better of the coming age,

strummed a man who justly figures in both books as an Augustan in the making. His progress from Puritanism to Roman Catholicism, his combination of religious verse and bawdy plays, his passion for angling and fashionable society both, are some of the paradoxes analysed in JOHN DRYDEN (*Sylvan Press.* 21*s.*), a 'critical biography' by Kenneth Young, who regards the undertaking as "like trying to carve in solid rock with a tablespoon." Nevertheless he has scooped out a whole portrait which presents the shy Northamptonshire child still showing in the gouty poet-satirist filling the arm-chair at Will's Covent Garden coffee house and the Virgil-construing school-boy of Westminster taking the road to burial in its Abbey between Cowley and Chaucer.

"The king's canary"

As Dryden was the first to hold the office, THE POETS LAUREATE by Kenneth Hopkins (*The Bodley Head.* 18*s.*) naturally comes next, with a chapter devoted to the man who had made a good start in this direction with his "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell." Equally meet were "Astrae Redux, a Poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second" and other plaudits, which later demonstrated to the king Dryden's fitness for the post of official poet. Between him and John Masefield there were 13 other laureates whose lives and tenures are recounted freshly and crisply, to revive the half-forgotten or blow ignorance away. If among them there was a Eusden there was still a Tennyson, if a Pye then a Wordsworth too. Mr. Hopkins has hit on the happy convenience of using a third of the book for quoting

elections: "first, to represent each oet by the work he wrote officially as aureate—which is to say, in most cases, y his least attractive work. Next, herefore, I have tried to let him re-eem himself by specimens of his best ork." So, where the one occasionally hows how low verse can sink to humour anity, the other should send readers ex-loring for the poetry along the by-ways.

The voice on the air

Who shall say that Dylan Thomas would not have succeeded in due time o the office? Fancy lingers startled on he thought . . . Yet as a product of is age, how suited—endowed with that evocative, prophetic power over words, nstemmed surely by any creeping urge o be respectable, and heard by millions. QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING (*Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the collection of his broad-casts, and to read them is to listen again o the surge of the 'liturgical' tones, to be half-hypnotized by the sound, half submerged in the flood, and to be content. Here is his "Reminiscences of Childhood", there his "Festival Exhibition, 1951", here his "Wilfred Owen" and there "On Reading One's Own Poems." As Mr. A. T. Davies of the Welsh BBC programmes says in the Preface, Thomas "drew into the circle of his readers many whose appreciation of his verse needed the persuasion of the poet's own interpretation." In his lifetime much turning of knobs was sometimes required to get the region he was speaking from; but while there are recordings of his voice his exuberant personality has not entirely died.

Building for posterity

Thomas was moved to broadcast on Sir Philip Sidney "who exercised a grave fascination upon all who met him." In LOOKING FOR ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND (*Macdonald.* 18*s.*) we meet him once more at Penshurst, his birthplace, which saw him producing the earliest work of literary criticism, and at Wilton, his brother-in-law's home, where Sidney wrote *Arcadia.* Raymond Francis now calls attention to many examples of Tudor architecture which still survive, aided by 97 splendid illustrations. The book is, to use the author's own word, an 'anthology' of mansions, schools, manors, inns, gateways, market halls, gabling and farmhouses belonging to the coloured counties. And to read Mr. Francis is to re-discover how much Elizabethan building owed its conception and enrichment to the dissolution of the monasteries.

Inherited verve

Blenheim Palace hardly qualifies for inclusion, but it is significantly present in the next book as the first home of Sir Winston Churchill. THE FABULOUS LEONARD JEROME (*Hutchinson.* 21*s.*) was his American grandfather, and Anita Leslie, who is Leonard's great-granddaughter, shows how tempting after all it was to use the irritating adjective in her title. For this man of Huguenot descent, who was born in 1818 in a comfortable farmhouse outside New York, abandoned his legal training to buy and run a newspaper, was appointed Consul to Ravenna without setting foot in Italy, made and lost fortunes in the grand manner, had a passion for music and built his own opera house, founded the Jockey Club of America, sailed the Atlantic in the first ocean yacht races, was a hard-headed Wall Street financier with a wildly generous nature, married an heiress whose blood was a quarter Iroquois, and had three Paris-educated daughters with all his vitality, wit and charm who, then unconventionally, married Englishmen. His second child, Jenny, we have met in the Prime Minister's *My Early Life* and *Lord Randolph Churchill*: "She shone for me like the evening star" he says; and the tablet unveiled to her memory in Brooklyn by his daughter Sarah is recently in mind. But Miss Leslie has now fitted Jenny into the earlier background, delving into the trunks of letters and personal possessions of the sisters; it is a complicated pattern turned into a tapestry of beauty and delight, with the numerous pictures as ideal companions, and the at-first-regretted absence of a

family tree soon ceasing to be a quibble.

Birthday honour

The latest volume in praise of Leonard's grandson and namesake is destined, so Professor Gilbert Murray thinks, "to be of unique interest to future historians" for "it is a serious comment by so many distinguished contemporaries on the great Leader of the Free Nations in the world war." Professor Murray's elequent Prologue is to WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL: Servant of Crown and Commonwealth (*Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), a tribute on his 80th birthday, November 30, 1954. Sir Anthony Eden contributes the Epilogue, stressing the open-mindedness, "which is the secret of happiness and a wise old age", of his chief, and the 15 essays in between emphasize other facets of his personality in action. For example: Mr. Attlee's "Across the House", "Churchill and the Navy" by Admiral Lord Frazer, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood's "The Man of Peace", and "The Campbell - Bannerman - Asquith Government" by Viscount Samuel. Then Mr. Bernard Baruch writes "A Birthday Letter" and the poem of the late Viscount Norwich "To W.S.C." adorns the front page. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter has a typical piece: "As I Know Him"; and, as "the user "of English Speech", as "the master of words", and as "the chronicler", the late Viscount Simon, Sir Alan Herbert and Sir Charles Webster respectively praise him.

Lawrence of Arabia

A demonstration of Sir Winston Churchill's mastery of words, with all the now traditional beat and rhythm of his sentences, is to be found in "The War and After" section of T. E. LAWRENCE BY HIS FRIENDS (*Jonathan Cape.* 16*s.*). In their defence and his, this is an abridged edition, newly annotated, of the one that appeared in 1937. The editor, A. W. Lawrence, writing from the Gold Coast, re-presents his brother against any detraction of the 'Lawrence Legend': "Clearly no such attack can be restricted to the target of a single dead man; those who spoke well of him from their personal knowledge may well be made to appear fools, hypocrites or partners in a fraud." There is little real danger, one dares to swear. This large, trustworthy and varied body of opinion, and the place that Lawrence carved for himself in the hearts of a whole generation, should be inviolable from those who can only base denigration on the mild attacks of persecution mania, "the genius for backing into the limelight", the self-consciousness (not denied, and even exposed, by all who write in this book), which are among the foibles, the idiosyncrasies, unfortunately, or fortunately, of great men. At all events, in reading through these pages again, the original glow and stir take charge, the call to hero-worship and the bitter regret of his going; the last corrected by A. W. Lawrence's final words: "He would have thought it funny as well as moving that we should so mourn the close of a life which, since its sacrifice 18 years before, had lost its fullness and joy."

Christmas cheer

Robert Graves' essay being a sharp depiction of Lawrence of Arabia indulging a sense of fun, it was fitting to turn first to Mr. Graves' "Treacle Tart"—a tale ringing just as true of a boy of noble birth who would not eat the stuff at school—in THE PICK OF PUNCH (*Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*). Paradoxically, if *Punch* is not what it was, this annual selection betrays no deterioration. But as it should be the bulge in every Christmas stocking, the surprise must not be spoilt by any more hints of the contents; sufficient that no melancholy, no self-pity even, can survive in its presence.

Footnote

An extra sigh of pleasure for this month's treasurable tally, added to the larger gratitude of the past eight years that so seldom have there been books on the table burdensome to read and write about, or unworthy to mingle with the rest.

GRACE BANYARD

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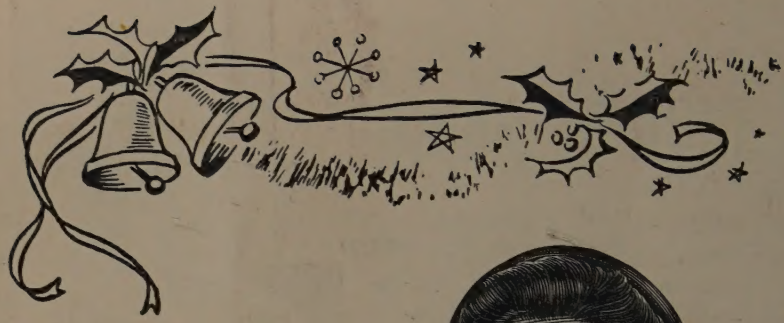

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The Salvation Army does not allow Goodwill to be fixed to the calendar. All through the year, our Goodwill Officers bring comfort, company and cheer to distressed and lonely people everywhere. And as Christmas draws near, our work has an especial urgency. For it is far more terrible to be lonely and dispirited at Christmas time than at any other season. Will you kindly help our extra Christmas efforts with an extra gift? General Wilfred Kitching, 113 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

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